

The

STRUGGLE

Sidney C. Capp

Ben B. Lindsey



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Mrs. Ben B. Lindsey

These are the living
thoughts of the
Author - hastily
written deserving
an active & expressive
rather than studied
literature

To Judge Lindsay
with the compliments
of Th. Author -

Sept 3. 1909

Sincerely

Frederic B. Dyer
Denver Colo

Lindsay & Dyer

THE STRUGGLE

THE STRUGGLE

BY

SIDNEY C. TAPP, PH. B.

AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF ANGLO-SAXON INSTI-
TUTIONS OR THE DEVELOPMENT OF CON-
STITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT, ETC.



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TO
MY SAINTED MOTHER

Who passed into the great Beyond when I
was only eighteen months of age, and to my
noble father who joined her on the other side
of the River when I was only nine years of
age and left me alone in this cold world to
struggle with the battle of life,

This volume is dedicated.

1106126

PREFACE

THE author has not attempted to conform to the plot of the conventional novelist, but to tell the story of the real burden under which the American people are staggering. The writer has made the forms of the conventional novelist give away to the real purpose of this work. No work has any claim upon the public unless there is a purpose in sending it forth. The intention of the writer has been to disclose the real disease in Organized Society of the American Republic in this the twentieth century. The life of Grace Shelton as told in this story is a reality in thousands of the homes in this land. If the work arrests the attention of the public to the real conditions as told in this story, the author will feel amply compensated for his efforts.

Lucas Cobb

S. C. T.

~~ATLANTA, GA.~~, February, 1905.

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CHAPTER I

THE HOPE OF A PATRIOT

LEXINGTON, Kentucky, is located in a beautiful country—in the blue grass section that has become world famed. It was its natural beauty that attracted the attention of Henry Clay when he removed from the “slashes” of Virginia hunting a new home where he could better his conditions in life. It was here in this beautiful garden of modern Eden that he settled and began his great career that made him one of the trio of America’s greatest statesmen. It was here that he struggled in his young manhood, amid adverse circumstances and conditions, to satisfy an honorable ambition. It was here in a new country that he met encouragement among strangers—it was here that he developed that

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life wherein he measured arms with Calhoun and Webster. It was here in this beautiful garden of nature, after a life spent in the service of his country, that he stood and said to a great people filled with patriotism, love of country and the flag and devotion to their great leader and hero: "I came among you without money, friends or kindred. What I am, you have made me. I may have not accomplished much in life. I may have not made history. I may have served my country poorly—another might have done better had he been given my place and the opportunities that you have given to me, but I have done my best. I may have erred. I may have made mistakes, for it is human to err and divine to forgive. But, fellow citizens, my course is ended. I have lived with you; I have suffered defeat with you; and I have enjoyed victory with you. We have contended for what we thought was for the best interest for the entire American people—the Constitution and the Flag, the Union under the Constitution. And to save the Union, the Union under the Constitution, not a Union consolidated into an Empire, but a Union constitut-

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ing a federal government composed of sovereign states, as your leader and trusted servant, has been the chief aim of my life and my ambition. To this cause I have consecrated my life, for in our system, if properly construed and properly preserved, is the only hope of justice in organized society among men. To preserve this system, I have advocated every reasonable measure of compromise, given an ear to every legitimate contention of others—for I have given to others the same credit for honest motives that I myself would ask. The Republic of the Fathers thus far has undergone many trials and tribulations; but many issues have been solved and many questions have been settled. What the future has in store no man can tell, no prophet can foresee, no philosopher can unravel. The spirit of liberty struggling up through the centuries and fighting against the fates of all times, found in the Anglo-Saxon race a home, and for over two thousand years the spirit of liberty and justice has been inspiring the Anglo-Saxon race to free the world—moved by this inspiration they contested with and drove back from the Rhine the tax gatherers of

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Rome and the armies of conquest of the Cæsars—moved by the same force, they outmarshaled on every field of carnage the knighthood of the ancient Celts. Inspired by the same undying thirst for liberty when they took up their habitation on the British Isles, they fought against the conquering Northmen and their despotism, and when conquered in battle they kept up the fight in every forum to the end that the school of popular rights which they represented has clashed with the school of nobility, royalty and special privileges of the Norman House for nearly two thousand years in England. And when they saw that their principles of justice and popular government could never rule in England, in their entirety, moved by the truth, the believers in these principles fled to these shores where they could found a government resting upon the consent of the governed, and where justice would rule among men and every man under its system could have a chance in life's race. Their convictions became a part of their lives, a part of their very existence, and the comers to this continent—those who fled from the oppressions of the old world, pro-

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duced a people that baptized the Atlantic coast of this continent in the best blood that the world has ever produced, that these principles might be established among men and this Republic founded. And it stands today, my countrymen, as the only beacon light, the only star of hope to the oppressed millions of every clime.

“No man can tell what the history of the future will be. We know what the history of the past among the governments of earth has been. We know how men, guided by selfishness and greed, have used the power of government to oppress the masses and concentrate the wealth earned by the many into the hands of the few. We know how corrupt laws and corrupt rulers have been used to rob the many for the few, in the nations of the past. We know by the truths of history, how immorality and dishonesty have caused the decay and destruction of the nations of the earth. God forbid that this should be the case with this Republic!—may our people profit by the history of the ages gone and the mistakes of the peoples of other times, and may justice, truth, honor and patriotism be

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the chart of our future generations to guide the Old Ship of State of this glorious Republic and may she live on through the centuries giving forth hope to the oppressed millions everywhere, until justice shall rule among men. May no issue stagger her and may no problems be too complex for her sons through the coming ages to solve according to the chart of truth and justice.

“My countrymen, my course is run. Father Time has bid me halt and lay aside the duties here among men, to soon take up the duties in another sphere, in another realm among those who have gone before and we trust are resting in that land where all law is justice and all ties are love. My countrymen, I bid you adieu.”

CHAPTER II

ON THE WAY TO ROCKTITE

LEXINGTON, that still beautiful city, stands planted in a modern garden of Eden, where a people reside through whose veins the blood of the Revolutionary Fathers courses, and in the midst of this beautiful garden of Eden stands a monument of their ideal and their idol—of their leader and their hero, inspiring this noble people to consecrate their lives to the Flag and the Constitution, and to civic justice and civic righteousness—the immortal Clay still lives in the hearts of his people as well as in bronze.

As you move out from Lexington over the Louisville & Nashville system, nature seems to inspire you with the spirit of patriotism. On every side and in every direction as far as the vision of the eye can run, nature seems to respond and to declare in unmistakable terms that the just God intended that a great and

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free people should here reside and enjoy the blessings of liberty and justice, and the fruits of their own labor.

As you are whirled on from station to station, the vision of the eye sees nothing but prosperity and the homes of a happy and contented people—a people living steadfast in reverence for the Creator and the faith revealed to man,—as you go whirling on, in every hamlet, every village and every roadside station, the spires of the temples of worship point heavenward; and the school houses stand guard as the sentinels to conscientious and intelligent citizenship.

As you pass on you are whirled through towns and cities where stand the temples of justice, whither comes an honest and intelligent citizenship to submit to arbitration all its rights in their sacred precincts. As you are whirled on through this beautiful country wherein reigns the twentieth century civilization, you are ready to ask, could the heart of man wish for more? For on every side are the ripening fields, the lowing herds and palatial homes, temples of worship, temples of justice and institutions of learning—all of

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the three great forces that go to constitute a great civilization—prosperity and a happy people are in evidence everywhere. And at every depot, every hamlet and every village, the beautiful, queenly women of this unchallenged civilization are passing to and fro in entering and passing from your palace cars. And as you pass through the green fields where the blue grass covers Mother Earth, everywhere the lowing herds are replenishing nature's demands from the waving fields as far as the vision of eye can run.

The palace car in which you are whirled through space at sixty miles an hour is the product of the twentieth century civilization, possessing more of the conveniences and comforts of life than the mansion of the king of the thirteenth century. The conductor, the flagman, the brakeman, and even the porter of this palatial home, as it whirls through space, are indisputable evidences of a great civilization—a happy, prosperous and contented people.

On and on you are whirled until the vision of the eye tells you you are passing from the blue grass region that has made "The Old

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Kentucky Home" world famed and an inspiration to her sons and daughters wherever found. On and on you go until Mother Earth is no longer covered with the waving blue grass fields and you realize you are entering the region where grows the "weed" that the "red man" loved so dearly—you are now in the tobacco section of "Old Kentucky." You are nearing Rocktite, and as you are whirled on, the porter passes through your palatial car and makes the usual announcement, "Next station is Rocktite; change cars for all points except Louisville." For a few moments as you pass on, you see a little village just ahead of you—there is nothing visible to the eye except the usual little depot at a cross-road station, a small frame church and a little square frame school house; but as you are whirled on to the station and as the porter calls out, "All out for Rocktite!" your eyes behold, standing in a beautiful grove with beautiful lawns and yards leading out from it toward the station, a palatial mansion that tells the story that it is a home of refinement, culture and intelligence—a home that is the product of the civilization of the Cavaliers

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who settled Virginia and the Carolinas. It is evident from the surroundings that the proprietor and the ruler is an "uncrowned king" and rules his domain with a spirit of love and gentility. It is the home of Col. John Shelton, whose ancestors were at the framing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and fought the British at King's Mountain and at Alamance. His grandfather removed from the "Old North State" and settled in "Old Kentucky," and for three generations his family has been one of influence and a factor in the civic affairs of the commonwealth.

CHAPTER III

THE HOME OF THE SHELTONS

A LONG driveway paved with sea shells shipped from the Atlantic coast and overshadowed with large elm trees, leads from the station at Rocktite up to Summer Hill, the home of the Sheltons. The beautiful yards at Summer Hill, as is usual in this section, include many acres. These acres are laid out in a beautiful system, walkways and driveways leading in every direction. They are covered with beautiful shade trees and flower yards and beautiful vines entwining around the gigantic oaks and elms can be seen everywhere. It is a home in fact. Receding back from Summer Hill lies a fertile and beautiful farm of some several hundred acres. It is not covered with the blue grass, but the "weed" and the waving wheat fields can be seen everywhere. Summer Hill is not in the blue grass region of "Old Kentucky,"

THE HOME OF THE SHELTONS

but in that section where the "weed" and the golden wheat fields grow.

Col. Shelton inherited the farm from his father, who in turn inherited it as a part of his father's estate—it is a part of Maj. Tom Shelton's original estate, who removed from the "Old North State" and was among the first settlers of this section.

The Sheltons for generations have been in comfortable circumstances, among the "well to do," but not rich. They have been an industrious family, and have endeavored by honest efforts to accumulate enough of the material things of life to enjoy some of its comforts as well as the necessities of life; but they have never been a family who by questionable methods have endeavored to get the earnings of others; and have never belonged to that class of society that is commonly called "profligate."

Maj. Shelton, Col. John's father, was a member of the Legislature for several terms, and then represented his district in Congress for three terms; but he always lived upon his farm and looked to "Mother Earth" for the support of his family. He believed in a civi-

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lization wherein every man should labor for an honest living, and he reared up his son, John, with the same ideas as to life and the standard of right. Col. John himself has always been more or less active in politics, and for several terms represented his county in the Legislature, and obtained his title of Colonel by being a member of the State troops.

But his beautiful farm has been the pride of his life. To beautify its acres has been one of the chief ambitions of his life. His prosperous farm, his beautiful home and his loving, happy and cultured family, have been the objects to which he has consecrated his life.

Mrs. Shelton was a Miss Langston, whose grandfather removed from Virginia about the time that Col. Shelton's grandfather removed from North Carolina. Her ancestors were of the "first families of Virginia." The Sheltons and Langstons had known each other's families for three generations, and when Col. John and Miss Langston were united in the holy bonds of matrimony they were not the only ones who were happy—the entire

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Shelton and Langston families were pleased beyond expression. And the home life of Col. Shelton and his beautiful wife, through all the trials that naturally and incidentally come to the matrimonial state, has been beautiful—not one jar has ever marred those beautiful relations—their home life has been in keeping with their beautiful home, in which they have lived—all that nature could ask.

As the fruits of their married life there have been born four beautiful girl children, Hattie and Marie, two beautiful twin daughters; Ruth and Grace. These four beautiful girls have been the angels of Col. and Mrs. Shelton's life—Summer Hill was always the home for all the prominent guests who visited the village of Rocktite. It was the home of the ministers of all denominations—Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopalian, too, if one chanced to come that way—the Sheltons were Presbyterians. Col. Shelton and his beautiful wife delighted in making all comers to Summer Hill feel that they were at home; they loved their friends, and the house party was a frequent occasion at Sum-

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mer Hill. When the girls grew up and became old enough to attend the academy at Rocktite, they were the little belles of the school, modest, courteous and gentle, for they had the training of Mrs. Shelton, their queenly mother; and during the school seasons at Rocktite, these little queens invited their school friends to spend the Saturdays frequently with them at Summer Hill, and Col. and Mrs. Shelton enjoyed the guests of their little queenly daughters as much as the girls did themselves; they always took delight in returning and being children for awhile with these little queens. The Colonel was the ideal hero of the fair little ones, for he was a man of majestic appearance, tall, erect, firm in his manly step and bearing, brave and determined, yet as tender and sympathetic as a child—the ideal citizen of the great civilization in which he lived. When Hattie and Marie reached the age to be sent to a boarding school, they were all prepared, for they had good preceptors at the academy at Rocktite; and Col. and Mrs. Shelton placed them in one of the best boarding schools of Baltimore,

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where they remained until their education was completed; and when they were finishing their last year, Ruth and Grace were sent to Philadelphia, where their education was completed in one of the leading boarding schools of the old Quaker City. Hattie and Marie, returning home, were the belles of the community, and always said that they would not marry—that no conquering hero could bow at their shrine until Ruth and Grace had completed their education, so all four could pour out their lives of devotion in the home at Summer Hill to a noble mother and father. True to their determination, Hattie and Marie kept the home at Summer Hill a place of joy to Col. and Mrs. Shelton and all who chanced to be the guests of their hospitality; and when two years had passed away, Ruth and Grace returned from the old Quaker City, ready to join the happy home at Summer Hill. It was an ideal home—a patriotic, brave, honest father; industrious and a “good provider” for his family; a saintly and devoted mother, four cultured, gentle and queenly daughters, all devoted to each other, happy

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and contented with their surroundings and conditions—these are the homes that make a nation great—invincible and indestructible.

CHAPTER IV

SOME HAPPY DAYS AT SUMMER HILL

ALL of the girls are at home from school. They have been raised with proper environments. They have had that education that makes the ideal American woman—educated minds, educated hearts and educated souls. The type of woman that has been the saving power of every nation—that has stood the test of self-government for any length of time in history—for true woman is the saving power of all nations, just as the heartless, vain, unprincipled women have been the first signs of decay in other civilizations. Woman is the true index of the civilization in which she lives. The haughty, vain, scheming, designing woman is the product of a civilization without homes, without true wives and true mothers, and such a civilization is in a state of decay, and in the end must go. Loving, kind, refined, cultured woman—

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the woman who loves home, father, husband and children, is a product of a civilization of true homes, churches and patriotism, and such a civilization is anchored steadfast in godliness and love of country and can withstand the erosive and eating powers of corruption, working out its destiny for good wherever it rules.

During the seasons at Summer Hill, the guests were frequent—it was “open house.” The “chums” of the girls at the boarding schools were frequent visitors, and frequently some of the girls would leave to be the guests of their school friends. And, too, the resorts would be visited—not the ultra fashionable seaside, because Col. and Mrs. Shelton did not think these retreats were the proper places for the girls to go, and to this opinion the girls readily assented—with them, their father’s and mother’s opinion was infallible. Did they not have the greatest father and the best mother on earth? Why, of course. They had been raised right, and when a child is raised right, you know there can be no doubt on this point. “Love thy father and thy mother,” and “obey,” too, you know, and both of these

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injunctions were respected at Summer Hill. The girls always went to the respectable, quiet resorts—where good and refined people, not the “giddy and gay,” spent their vacations, and Mrs. Shelton always went with them, and the Colonel would always arrange to spend as much as a week at a time now and then with them.

While at the “Springs,” Hattie and Marie were belles—they were at the marriageable age, you know. They had passed the “school days.” They had finished the period in the “boarding school.” They had made their formal début into society—and we all know what that means—that acceptable suitors will be duly considered, and finally either accepted or rejected. But while at the “Springs” Hattie and Marie met two “good catches.” They were young men who had been college mates—Thomas Kinston, who was the only child of a wealthy rice and sugar planter of Louisiana, and John Winston, who was the only child of a wealthy cotton planter of Alabama. Tom and John had attended Yale College together—had been roommates while in college, and their affection for each other was beau-

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tiful—only such as true men would have for each other. They had returned home to take charge of their fathers' interests—one in Louisiana and the other in Alabama, and some day to become heirs of the fine estates of their fathers. In the sections where they lived, they were considered the best "catches" for the girls. The girls of the community vied with each other for their attentions, and it is useless to say that the mothers who had marriageable daughters did the usual planning to have their daughters make favorable impressions upon "Tom" and "John," but it was readily seen by all at the "Springs," when Tom and John met Hattie and Marie, that the meeting was mutually agreeable, and that Tom's preference was for Hattie and John's for Marie. It was soon noticeable to all close observers that these friendships were developing into more than the mere summer season, and the mothers who had marriageable daughters, who were at the "Springs" for the purpose of meeting available opportunities, soon began to get jealous of Hattie and Marie and the two young gentlemen, and soon began to make the usual criticisms as to

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Hattie's dress and to Marie's hat, and to Marie's figure and Hattie's voice and such other criticisms as only the mind of woman can conjecture. And when with the ladies, these kindly mothers, of no malignant intentions, but with the usual jealousies that belong to their sex, began to feel that John and Tom were paying too much attention to Hattie and Marie and not enough to their daughters, who, in their opinion, were much more attractive; then they began to pick flaws, of course, as to Tom and John. Mrs. Jones could occasionally be heard to say "she was certainly pleased that Mr. Kinston hadn't met her daughter, Sarah." "I would not have Sarah to meet him for anything." "I think his manners perfectly disgusting;" and Mrs. Johnson, who was seated near by, quickly agreed with Mrs. Jones. "You are correct, Mrs. Jones, I don't like Mr. Kinston, neither do I like that other fellow, Mr. Winston. I have given instructions to Elizabeth that she must not meet them." "Yes, but," said Mrs. Jones, "I saw Elizabeth talking to Mr. Winston last evening." "Yes," said Mrs. Johnson, "but as soon as I discovered it, I told her

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that must be the last of it." Of course it had to be the last of it, as John was paying his undivided attention to Marie, and Tom was paying his to Hattie. Capt. John Bell, who had been a life-long friend of the Sheltons, and who resided near them at Summer Hill, was at the "Springs," too, and a man of keen observation, as the Captain was, saw that the relations developing between Hattie and Mr. Kinston and Marie and Mr. Winston were more than just summer season relations, and Mrs. Shelton, with the keen intuition of a woman, observed, too, that Marie was fascinating to Mr. Winston, and that Hattie was taking hold of the heart of Mr. Kinston; and when they returned from the "Springs" in the fall to Summer Hill, she did not make any inquiries of the girls as to their relations with Mr. Winston and Mr. Kinston, but she was satisfied that ere long the two classmates at Yale would visit Summer Hill. In this she was not to be disappointed.

CHAPTER V

A DOUBLE MARRIAGE

AFTER Mrs. Shelton and the girls had returned home to Summer Hill, it was noticeable that Marie and Hattie watched the postoffice closely, and daily they received the letters that told the story of what the understanding was at the Springs between Hattie and Mr. Kinston and Marie and Mr. Winston. Each letter to Marie bore the postmark of Shellsboro, Ala., for that was the home of John; and each letter to Hattie had the imprint of Tatesboro, La. Of course, the letters were enclosed in beautiful envelopes selected with due care, and the very shape, form and style of the letters were evidences that they were not from "lady friends," but that the senders had a purpose that is never revealed to the outside world but always kept secret by the suitor when he is making his first advances to conquer one who is to be his

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companion in life. Hattie and Marie made no demonstration over the reception of the letters—they did not even tell Col. and Mrs. Shelton—for girls, you know, when they are corresponding with gentlemen friends just to correspond, love to tell it, but when they are corresponding with one that is dear to the heart—the longed-for one—the one that they hope some day to be the man that will be the ideal and the hero of life, always keep their feelings to themselves.

It is unnecessary to state that Mr. Kinston and Mr. Winston had a mutual understanding before they left the Springs that this correspondence would take place, for each told the other that he had an understanding that such was to be the case. Mr. Winston had Marie's solemn promise that she would answer his letters and she had his solemn promise that he would visit Summer Hill.

Mr. Kinston, while strolling on the lawn at the Springs in the beautiful moonlight that quickened the soul to reveal its inner self to its affinity, secured the same solemn promise from Hattie that she would answer when he wrote, and that daily he should hear from her

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in the future, and that at Summer Hill they would soon meet again. Mrs. Shelton and Col. Shelton observed keenly these letters, with that interest that the dutiful father and mother always have in the future welfare of their daughters.

The postmaster at Rocktite observed, too, that letters came daily to Marie and Hattie—one bearing the imprint of Shellsboro, Ala., and one bearing the postmark of Tatesboro, La. It soon became the gossip of Rocktite that “the Shelton girls were engaged”—that “there would soon be a marriage at Summer Hill.” Of course, this rumor soon became a part of the information and knowledge of all of the mothers, sisters and daughters of Rocktite, and of the community thereabout. Each mother and each daughter who were jealous of the Shelton girls had their views and their comments to make, even though they had never heard of either Mr. Winston or Mr. Kinston. And, of course, each and all of the girls in the community exchanged views as to the prospective marriages at Summer Hill, and with that innate jealousy that is inborn in every female, that makes the female sex

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so unkind and so ungenerous to each other, the usual unkind remarks were made—of course they knew nothing of Mr. Kinston and Mr. Winston—they did not even know their names, but they had heard that Marie had a sweetheart in Alabama, and that Hattie had a lover in Louisiana. It was not unusual to hear the comment from rival mothers and rival girls around Rocktite and Summer Hill that “I understand that Marie Shelton is to be married to a fellow in Alabama, and they are doing their best to leave the impression that he is rich, but as a matter of fact they say everything his father has got is mortgaged;” and when the rival mothers and jealous girls were all exchanging visits, it was quite frequent to hear the comments, “I understand that Hattie Shelton is to be married to a fellow down in Louisiana. It is said that his father is well to do, but that they are very ordinary people.” The comments went the rounds of Rocktite and the surrounding community.

In due time, by mutual understanding, Mr. Winston and Mr. Kinston visited Summer Hill together. Their first visit lasted for some

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days. The yards and lawns at Summer Hill were sufficient for two courtships. The beautiful oaks were there—the vines and the vineyards were there—the flower yards were there—the walks leading in every direction out from the Shelton home made it an ideal place to arouse those secret and inborn emotions which when they dominate suppress the human and arouse the divine—those feelings which draw two human beings together and make them one.

When Mr. Winston and Marie were taking their quiet walks through the yards at Summer Hill in one direction while Mr. Kinston and Hattie were strolling in another direction, gently and quietly, it was apparent to Col. and Mrs. Shelton that there was union in this fellowship. They watched the girls—they watched Mr. Kinston and Mr. Winston—they had seen the days themselves when they had feelings like these and they recognized the old acquaintance of past days. After these quiet strolls, when Marie would be gently leaning on the arm of Mr. Winston, and Hattie's arm would be politely yet warmly and closely held by Mr. Kinston, they would

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return to the large double parlors in the Shelton home and there the remainder of the evening would be spent. Marie, giving forth by her silent expression and gentle, timid, yet earnest look to Mr. Winston, that he was more than all the world to her,—for she by nature was a lover—and a lover loves a lover. In this she found her counterpart, for Mr. Winston, while a firm and strong character, was a man in whom back of all of his rugged nature and back of all of his firm character, back of all of his masculine being, there moved that love of all love. Each was conscious of what the end of all of this would be before Marie ever gently laid her hand in his and by one gentle silent look promised, “I will,” which, of course, a strong masculine character like Winston, whose every fiber and every impulse was dominated by love, sealed with a gentle and divine kiss. From the moment that she gave him this look and said “I will,” and he sealed it with the Divinity expressed by a human kiss, their hearts were one—each felt that the other was a part of each other’s life—from thence henceforth the union was perfect. While these human experi-

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ences were developing into Divine relations between Marie and Mr. Winston, Hattie had pledged her life and her all to Mr. Kinston, and he, the less romantic character, less humane than Winston, had accepted her promise by telling of the beautiful home that he had on his father's estate where they would spend their lives and where their union would be spent in each other's affections, admiration and love. He had promised, of his own volition, to consecrate his life to her happiness, her wants and her wishes.

The two college mates at Yale left Summer Hill together—each confided to the other his secret, and mutually agreed that they would make their next visit together, at which time they would name the day and make the plans for a double marriage. In the meantime, between then and the next visit to Summer Hill, that they would exchange letters with each other and confide their secrets to each other.

They revisited Summer Hill together, and Hattie and Marie agreed that it would be a double marriage—the day was named—the time was fixed, and these two old college mates, loyal and true to each other—each hon-

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est, firm and noble in character, would be joined to the ideal and idol of his life. At the fixed time they came to Summer Hill together—it was a beautiful scene—two young men, heirs of Revolutionary Fathers, heirs of the men who founded the great Republic—the descendants of a great race who for centuries had been the greatest civilizers the world had ever seen—both educated—both refined and cultured—both patriotic—both men of intelligence, who had the proper conceptions of citizenship, duty to God, country, home and family. They had now reached that point in life's journey where its most solemn obligation had to be performed. They both were conscious of what this obligation meant—it was no frivolity with them—they knew it meant either the happiness of their own lives, the happiness of two other souls, or the wrecking, crushing and destruction of the souls of all parties. Capt. Bell, the old family friend of the Sheltons, was there; Mr. John King, an old college mate of theirs at Yale, who lived in New York city, and was now a promising young business man in that great metropolis, had been invited and was there.

A DOUBLE MARRIAGE

Alex Wilson, the most promising young man of that community, and whose family had been life-long friends to the Sheltons, was there. Several of the Shelton girls' school-mate friends were there—and all of Rocktite and the community thereabout was there, for on occasions like this Col. and Mrs. Shelton had no favorites with their own neighbors and all were invited. The pastor of the Presbyterian church, the Rev. Dr. Curry, was there, quiet, calm and godly man as he was—there to make two human beings one—to unite two spirits, if not their bodies—the souls if not their minds—to comply with the Divine order of things—the decree that carries the human race on and propagates it. He was there to unite the immortal and to make two souls one—united for time and for eternity. Amid these scenes, amid hearts rejoicing and tears shed for joy, Winston standing firm and erect and Kinston quiet, placid and determined—each promised this man of God in the presence of the assembled witnesses and the angels, “I will;” whereupon the Reverend Doctor said, “According to the Divine injunction, I pronounce you man and wife.” Mrs. Shelton

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was the first to place her arms around her loving daughters and with tears to kiss them good-bye. Col. Shelton, firm and placid as he was, quivered as he embraced them and said "Good-bye,"—it was a beautiful scene—a scene that is prompted by the Divine and not the human. Winston and Kinston with their brides took the next train which arrived, for their bridal tour in the East. After the bridal tour Winston and Kinston said "Good-bye" with tears in their eyes—they shook hands and bid each other godspeed in life. Marie and Hattie embraced each other with tender love and wept the tears of broken hearts. Winston and Marie went to their home in Shellsboro, and Kinston and Hattie to Tatesboro, to contend with the struggles and difficulties of life.

Capt. Bell and Col. and Mrs. Shelton noticed on the day of the marriage that Mr. King, of New York, when no one was watching him, was quietly studying Ruth. His glances at her were always when he thought nobody was watching him, and after the marriage was over and the friends had gone, discerning as Capt. Bell was, he remarked to

A DOUBLE MARRIAGE

Col. and Mrs. Shelton that they might expect a visit from Mr. King.

Mr. King was not the only one who was quietly looking into the heart of another. Young Mr. Wilson was there. He and Grace had played together when children in school. They had grown up together and both now had developed to that age where friendship in childhood frequently becomes love. He had thought to himself many things which he had never said, and the sacred and beautiful scene on the day of the marriage brought response from his heart that no one knew except himself, and as he looked across the drawing-room while the man of God was performing the ceremony, and there stood Grace, beautiful, erect, with queenly auburn hair that adjusted itself to her queenly form; sparkling, twinkling brown eyes that spoke the inner feelings of her soul—eyes that took hold of you and that you could not resist—that bound you tighter than chains, for they were irresistible because they carried the message from one soul to another soul; beautiful creamy complexion; a form that almost seemed a revelation Divine—his very soul thirsted

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within him for her companionship, for as the sentiments and feelings of her soul spoke through her eyes to him his heart leaped within him—it was soul speaking to soul.

CHAPTER VI

THE BEGINNING OF A TRUE COURTSHIP

AFTER the wedding was over and Kinston and his bride and Winston and his bride were gone on their love feast—their honeymoon, and the guests had all returned to their homes, young Wilson sat in his room at his father's home over the hill from the mansion of the Sheltons, thinking over the thoughts that flashed through his soul as he looked upon the fair form of Grace at the wedding. The more he thought, the more beautiful she became to him. In his room all alone, he could see, in his mind's eye, her long queenly auburn hair adjusted over her head and falling loosely down here and there over her neck; the flash of her soft dark brown eyes that spoke the very thoughts of her soul; the smile that played over her blushing face, and the dimple here and there in her rosy cheeks—and her plump and beautiful form, for she

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stood five feet and seven inches and weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds. All of these were visible to him. Absent from her in the body, yet in spirit he was with her. And as he sat there alone in his room thinking over his thoughts, his heart went out for her—he desired her—he longed for her. Fight against it as he might, he could not rid himself of her. That vivacious form, through whose veins her warm and thrilling blood coursed, that made her every expression, movement and thought breathe with life; those deep brown eyes that spoke the inner feelings of her soul, the smile that played over her face and gave expression to her heart's feelings—all haunted him—they had become a part of his life. Rest he could not—sleep he could not—her vivacious, living animated form was ever in his mind's eye. The next evening found him in the home of the Sheltons, for his family relations with the Sheltons were such that he did not need any formal "engagement" to call. Somehow Grace expected him. She did not know why. She had no reason except woman's intuition, and she was conscious of Alex's thoughts, feelings and de-

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sires on the wedding day, for she caught his eye as he quietly and silently looked upon her, and with the intuition of a woman she read his thoughts. She was dressed and ready to receive him. Her queenly, solid and compact form wore a white silk dress with the usual evening parlor trail, with short sleeves and low neck. Carefully adjusted was the bunch of roses resting at the proper place. Her heavy suit of auburn hair seemed to hang a little loose here and there. Her cheeks were so fair that they were creamy, and as her young, warm blood coursed through her veins she glowed with vitality and life, and when she extended her hand to welcome him, his very heart leaped within him. The moon was shining beautifully and it seemed to be kissing Mother Earth and breathing life into every oak and vine and all animated matter at Summer Hill. Grace and Alex were soon seated together on the lounge near the big bay window in the parlor. They were soon deeply engaged in earnest conversation as to what took place on the day of the wedding. Alex, with good tact, spoke of how beautifully the two brides, Marie and Hattie, looked—all the time

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his eye cast upon Grace's low-necked dress and beautiful roses. Apparently he was interested in all of the Shelton family, but Grace was conscious that he was interested in one of the Shelton family. They chatted of their childhood days—of school days—of boyhood and girlhood days. They discussed music, books and authors, and all of the recent novels. Grace handed him the telegrams that Marie and Hattie had sent them while on their bridal tour, to read. All the time he was moving by degrees a little nearer her, and she, conscious of his touch, was quietly leaning from him. But when the hour had arrived sufficiently late for him to go, both were conscious of the warmth of each other's touch. From the parlor they quietly strolled to the wide veranda of the Shelton home. There in the moonlight by the large center post under the big front oak and all alone, he extended his hand to say "good-bye," and as he tenderly took hold of her soft white hand he felt the current of her soul darting through his very being, and as he gently and tenderly squeezed her hand, she timidly resisted, and with his sense of touch alive to her sense of

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touch, he could feel her quiver and see her eyes open and close with silent emotion. And as he gave her hand a last gentle squeeze and said "good-bye," her soft and quivering voice said "Good night, call again." "This has been a happy evening to me," said he. "I shall call next Sunday evening if agreeable." "I will be pleased to have you," said Grace with a modest voice. He strolled slowly up the hill home with a thousand thoughts and feelings battling within him. She closed the door and went to her room, conscious of the feelings that were awakened within her—feelings that she could not describe or define—inexpressible emotions of which the soul is conscious.

CHAPTER VII

YOUNG WILSON'S NEXT VISIT

AS time passed, young Wilson thought of the time when he was to pay his next visit. It seemed a long time to him. But on that evening he dressed to the best possible advantage, and at eight o'clock he was slowly strolling over the hill to the Shelton home, puffing his cigar and thinking—thinking of how Grace looked the last time he was there—thinking of how beautifully her silk dress enveloped her plump form—thinking of how the roses were pinned across her low-necked dress, thinking of her golden hair and the touch of her soft hand as he bid her good night. As he entered the gate to the front of the yard at the Shelton home, these thoughts were all flashing through his mind and arousing the emotions of his being.

While these thoughts were flashing through his mind and playing upon his soul as he

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strolled over the hill from his home, Grace was completing her toilet to receive him, arranging her golden hair and her low-necked dress and placing the flowers at the proper place and thinking, too, thinking of the feelings that animated her on the last evening they were together, thinking of the emotions that flashed over her soul as he squeezed her hand and said "good-bye." Somehow she felt that these feelings were a joy to her soul that could only be produced by Alex—a joy that was inexpressible. No one except Alex had ever produced these same feelings and emotions within her. She was conscious that there was an irresistible affinity between them, and as she thought over these feelings and emotions, the bell to the front door rang and young Wilson was there. Down the stairs Grace went with the long trail to her white gown sweeping the floor, her golden hair hanging rather low down the back of her neck, her round plump arms extended beyond her short sleeves, head erect and stepping with the vitality and life of her young and warm blood. She swung the door open and extended her soft white hand. "Good evening, Mr.

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Wilson," said she; "delighted to see you." He grasped her hand with a gentle touch. "I am delighted," said he, and as he held her hand for a gentle shake, she said, "Come in." It was a generous welcome, of that kind that makes you feel that you are really wanted—not an empty formality. Alex felt that it was a heart welcoming another heart—that it was heart going out to heart—that he was in communion with his own affinity. Every pulsation of his heart beat with response, and in he stepped with an expression of joy playing over his face as he looked upon her smiling countenance, her twinkling soft brown eyes and her perfect figure. While extending one hand to her, he closed the door with the other and they slowly strolled into the parlor, and on the long lounge near the big bay window they were soon seated side by side. Grace turned her face toward him beaming with vitality and life. "I believe we sat right here when you were here last evening." "Yes," said he, "and the moon was shining in at this window then, but it is a pleasant place anyway." "Yes, I frequently sit here with my friends," said Grace, "and often I come

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down into the parlor and sit here and watch the people pass, and study human faces, and I have been down here watching and studying them since you were here."

While she was speaking, young Wilson was moving closer to her and facing her directly, looking into her soft, deep brown eyes and grasping her inner thoughts—he saw a chance to get on little closer terms—to give an expression as to what he felt and to get an expression as to what she felt. "Are those the only people of whom you have thought since I was here? Really, while it is interesting to study human faces in general, I would have thought that you had some one human face that would interest you to study." "Oh, of course," said she, "when I would be down here, I could not help but think of the pleasant evening we spent here last time you were here." This gave him new courage, and he quietly turned so as to face her a little better and moved a little nearer her. "That is so kind of you," said he. "You can say such appreciative things—things that no one else could think of. You don't know how much good that did me." All the time he

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was gently leaning a little closer to her. She could see the earnestness of his face and hear it in his voice as he spoke. "I am so glad, it always does me good to make others feel good," said she, with a smile playing over her face, and quietly moving the ruffles of her dress and quietly readjusting the bunch of roses on her low-necked dress. He kept looking at the roses—first glancing at them and into her face. She was conscious of the attraction to him. "Do you like them?" said she. "Oh, they are beautiful," said he. "You arrange them so beautifully, and they are so in keeping with the color of your dress and your complexion." "I am so glad you like them," said she, "I am so fond of flowers." Of course this was a generous invitation for young Wilson to remember for the future, and he generously, from time to time, responded to it. "Really I think that your dress this evening, your flowers and all are so in keeping with each other," said he.

By this time he had quietly changed his glance from the flowers and her soft eyes to her golden locks that were hanging somewhat

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loosely around her beautiful neck and falling here and there over her forehead. "I declare, you have beautiful hair," said he, and it was an exclamation from his heart, a feeling that he felt so deeply that he could not resist it. "Do you really think so," said she. "I certainly do." "That is so kind of you." "You know, I think," said he, "that a beautiful suit of hair does more to make a queenly woman than anything on earth. It is more than form, figure, expression or dress, and especially a beautiful suit of golden auburn hair like yours. I know that I could not flatter you and I do not wish to, but there are ladies that would give millions for those golden locks of yours." "I am afraid you are too generous in your remarks," said she. "Oh, no, I mean every word of it and I do not overdraw the picture, for in reality I think you have the most beautiful suit of hair I ever saw grace the form of woman." It was apparent that the usual susceptibility of the female had been affected, that beauty is her power and her strength, and that these words had the desired effect upon Grace. They were worth more to her than silver and

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gold. They gave her heart more gratification than all the silver and gold. By this time young Wilson, casting his eye from her golden locks down by the beautiful bunch of roses, looked on her soft white hands—one carelessly resting in her lap with the glittering diamonds upon her finger, the other resting at ease upon the lounge by him. “These are beautiful rings that you have on,” said he. “I don’t believe that I have seen them before.” “Why, I have had them a long time,” said she. “As much as we have been together, haven’t you noticed them until now?” “Oh, I may have noticed them,” said he, “but they never attracted my attention as they do now, when the light is shining upon them. They are magnificent. Why, they are the finest diamonds I ever saw,” said he, all the time quietly moving his hand to her hand and taking hold of the finger upon which the diamonds were, softly feeling of her finger while pretending to look at the diamonds, while as a matter of fact he was looking at her soft hand. She teasingly looked him in the face, all the time smiling. “I declare they are beautiful,” said he. By this time he had her

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hand in his, and drawing it nearer to him pretended to look at the diamonds, but she was conscious of his gentle touch and squeeze of the hand. She permitted him to raise her hand without resistance, but as he pulled it nearer him and squeezed a little tighter, she teasingly looked at him and said, "Do you really admire them?" at the same time pulling her hand away from him. He held gently to it and pretended to make further inquiries as to the different shapes of the rings. Of course she knew it was not the diamonds that he was so interested in, but the hand that wore them, and looking at him teasingly said, "Oh, I suppose you have seen enough of them," and gently pulled her hand away and let it rest near him on the lounge. He changed his position and drawing a little nearer her face said, "I declare, those loose locks of yours are so beautiful." Moving his hand toward her he gently touched them, and she teasingly leaned a little away from him and smiled, with her eyes cast downward. It was a smile while made with the form of a protest, yet in reality was intended for an invitation to repeat the gentle act. Leaning a little more toward her,

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“I declare I do admire those locks so much,” and here he gently stroked them again, letting his finger touch her forehead gently as he moved his fingers through her waving locks. She smiled and looked downward, and he, moving his other hand, quietly took hold of her other hand that was resting on the lounge. She moved it with a gentle protest. He held it a little tighter. She moved it again, but a little weaker this time. He held it a little tighter, and she left it in his. With her hand resting in his and he gently closing his upon it with a soft squeeze, and his other hand gently and tenderly touching her forehead and moving her golden locks, he moved a little nearer her. She dropped her head a little and smiled the smile both of protest and of surrender. Both feelings were battling within her, but as he squeezed her hand a little tighter and touched her forehead and locks with a little more feeling, the emotions of surrender conquered the emotions of protest, and she leaned a little toward him and dropped her eyes and said nothing. It was the communion of the affinities. He spoke not—neither did she, but both communed with each other. He

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looked at the clock in the parlor and saw that the time had arrived that he should go. He feelingly and sympathetically looked into her eyes and said, "It is now eleven o'clock and I must go." It seems to me that I have been here only a few minutes. I regret to leave. It has been such a happy evening." She raised her drooping eyes and looked at him and smiled the smile of the surrendered. He then, squeezing her hand tighter and placing his other hand firmly against her forehead and golden locks, said, "I declare I hate to leave you." She said nothing, but her drooping eyes closed again and she sobbed gently with emotion. He looked into her face again and said, "I declare I hate to leave." As she raised her drooping eyes, and while she spoke not, she said with the expression of her drooping eyes as she raised them that he could not misunderstand, "I hate to see you leave, too." He arose from the lounge with her hand in his. He looked into her face, and her eyes met his. Her eyes dropped again with the expression of surrender, and with a final squeeze of her soft hand, he said, "Well, I must say good night. May I come Tuesday evening?" Rais-

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ing her soft eyes, she looked into his. "You know you can." With this farewell look and with another gentle squeeze of her hand, he left.

As he strolled over the hill home he was conscious of a thousand feelings and emotions. As she went to her room she was conscious of her affinity,—of a new life awakened.

CHAPTER VIII

YOUNG WILSON'S REPEATED VISITS, AND HIS TRIUMPHANT VISIT

AT the appointed time young Wilson found himself again in the parlor of the Shelton home. Evening after evening and week after week these visits were repeated. The long lounge by the big bay window was the favorite place for him and Grace. Here they sat evening after evening and week after week, communing with each other—spirits of a kindred kind—one in thoughts, one in feelings. It is unnecessary to state what took place there. If the old lounge could talk, it would tell the story of the two affinities—of two souls going out to each other until they became one in union. Evening after evening these two souls communed with each other as one living pulsating life. No cold understanding, no chill freezing, premeditated agreement; yet they knew the longings, the de-

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sires and the yearnings of each other. As the evenings and weeks passed, these longings and yearnings grew stronger and deeper, the communion closer. They understood each other. They were one in thoughts, one in feelings and one in desires.

After these two spirits had communed with each other week after week, seated on the old lounge near the big bay window, the weather became too cold to sit that far from the large fireplace in the parlor, and each felt that the desires and feelings that each had for the other should be expressed to each other. Their affinities were so perfect that it was misery to conceal their feelings from each other, for there is no joy like the joys of affinities, making a confession to each other. Grace desired this expression, no matter how she might protest. He wanted to disclose it, for his whole being was overcharged. And to declare it he must.

It was a gloomy, dreary evening. The snow had been falling all day long, and as night approached it shrouded Mother Earth and the heavens in darkness, and dreary rain began to fall which was soon converted into heavy

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sleet. He dressed as usual and began to plod his way through the snow and sleet to the Shelton home. It was the night of his regular "engagement." Miss it he could not, for he lived from one engagement to another thinking over what had happened on the last evening and what would happen on the next evening. She was in his mind—a living, present being. As he plodded his way through the snow and sleet, he thought of the evenings that had gone by and he was conscious of what the future evenings meant.

Grace was in the parlor early this evening, more beautiful than ever. The chill of the cold atmosphere seemed to make her cheeks glow with more vitality and life, her golden auburn hair, well arranged, seemed to hang a little more queenly than ever, for here and there a golden lock was hanging loose, challenging the admiration of every heart that loved queenly beauty. Her dreamy, soft brown eyes sparkled with life and devotion. Her gown tightly fitted her compact form, and her voice vibrated with the music of love. As she stood by the large fireplace, she looked at the old lounge by the big bay window, and

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emotions of the evenings spent there took possession of her being, and then she walked to the window and looked out toward the front gate into the snow and where the sleet was falling, into the cold dreary night which had enveloped and shrouded Mother Earth with its gloom and darkness and she wondered if he was coming. As she stood there all alone thinking over her thoughts to herself, her soul speaking to her soul, "It is an awful dreary evening, but somehow I believe he will come," said she. Then quietly turning, she walked to the large piano and began to play and to sing "Home, Sweet Home."

As Alex approached the front gate, he heard her sweet voice vibrating with the very music of heaven, and it seemed to arouse all that was good within him and to thrill the best sentiments of his being. "Oh, what home would be with her in it," he thought and said to himself. Then approaching the front door he rang the bell and Grace heard him, for while seemingly interested in her music, she was in mind listening for the bell of the front door to ring. In a moment she was there. "Come in, come in out of the cold, so glad to

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see you," said she. It was the ring of the voice that would make brave men walk over beds of coals of fire to win and to conquer. She extended her hand generously and impulsively. It had the movement of life, vitality and earnestness. He grasped it with the clasp of a true man—with sincerity. "It is a bad night but I could not stay away," said he. He closed the door behind him. "Hang up your hat and overcoat and come to the fire, for I know you are cold," said she. They then strolled to the parlor and in a moment were seated on the small settee in the corner near the large fireplace. "It is an awfully dreary evening, but somehow I felt you were coming," said she, "and I have had a good fire made early so as to have the parlor warm and comfortable." Alex, rubbing his hands and extending them toward the fire, giving evidence of his appreciation of her thoughtfulness, and looking at her gently and tenderly, said, "That is so thoughtful of you. You can think of more good for others than any one that I ever knew. Really, as I approached the front gate and looked into the parlor through the window and saw the fire and the comfort-

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able room, and heard the music and your voice, I had a keener and a better appreciation than ever before of the sacredness of home—its love, and the dear women who make the homes of the land what they are. I could not help as I approached the front gate in this cold and looked into this warm and comfortable parlor, but contrast the thoughts and the sweetness of the true homes of the land with the outer world. I thought tonight how many poor, unfortunate beings in the great cities are without homes, without fire, without shelter and without food, and out on the great highways how many of the poor fellows are hungry and cold, and in the humble cabins how many of the poor and unfortunate have not fire, food or comfortable clothing, and as I drew this contrast in my own mind, I had a better conception and a better appreciation of home and all of its comforts and sacredness, and I thought after all that the homes and the true women of the land make men what they are, and the country what it is.” Grace, drawing toward him, evidenced by her expression of interest that she appreciated his feelings. “Why, you are

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an orator," said she. "That would make a good speech for a Fourth of July celebration or a college commencement. I didn't know that you had the elements of oratory to such an extent." "Oh, it is not oratory. I am no orator, but I am simply telling you the feelings that your music and your voice and this beautiful home and comfortable parlor inspired in me as I approached this home." "I am so glad that you feel thus. All we get out of life anyway is what we give to others," said she. "That is true," said he. "The cold, selfish being who is drawing unto himself all the time and giving out nothing does not get anything out of this life." "That is right," said she. "If I know my own self I am only happy when I am making others happy." By this time Alex was comfortably warm and keenly appreciated the situation. Sitting close to her on the small settee, he began to feel the inspiration and impulse of her touch, and although unconscious of it, his eyes were glancing over her from head to foot—first at her golden auburn hair, then at the locks that were hanging loosely here and there, then looking at her beautiful soft hands,

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then glancing into her dreamy, soft and deep brown eyes, then with another glance taking in her whole compact form. As he sat there beholding her with all of her beauty and magnetism, a thousand thoughts flashed through his mind. A thousand emotions and feelings battled within him for supremacy, and unconscious of the fact, he had quietly let his hand touch hers and then had gently placed her hand within his, she, of course, at first pulling it slightly loose and then letting it rest in his, and as his feelings and emotions continued to arouse within him, looking deeply into her dreamy eyes, he said, "I declare, you are so beautiful. Those eyes of yours take hold of my very being." She said nothing, but smiled the smile of willingness—of contentment; then he, moving his other hand to her forehead, gently touched her flowing locks. "I declare, you have such queenly hair—it is so beautiful," said he with all the emotion of his being. She, smiling, said, "Do you like it?" "Oh, you know I do," said he, gently pulling her hand toward him. As he moved his hand over her forehead, her eyes closed with the consciousness of self surrender. He

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gently moved closer to her and drew her nearer, and grasping her hand tighter, he laid his hand containing her hand in his lap. She gently protested by attempting to withdraw it, but as he squeezed it tighter and clasped it with a grasp of earnestness, she ceased to attempt to withdraw it and let it remain with the rest of surrender. Then he, with a feeling of tenderness and earnestness, gently placed his other hand over her brow and leant toward her, at the same time gently pulling her toward him. She quietly and hesitatingly leaned backward, yet as he pressed her hand and moved his other hand gently over her forehead, she ceased to resist with the contentment of surrender.

“I declare, this is such a happy moment to me,” said he, and laying her head on his shoulder, she dropped her eyes, and throbbing with emotion, said, “Don’t—quit—please don’t,” all the time her emotions battling within her. She had conquered herself and was willing to surrender. He tenderly placed his cheek against hers. She closed her eyes and heaved and sighed with the feelings of surrender as he closed his hand tighter over

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hers. She quivered with emotions and feelings that she could not suppress, and as he rubbed his other hand gently over her forehead and cheeks and through her fallen and tangled locks, with a thousand emotions playing through him, he said, "Oh, won't you be mine?" With a heave and a sigh and a surrendered will, she raised her drooping eyes and said gently, with her voice throbbing with the emotion of her earnest soul, "You know I will." He then drew her closer to him and kissed her burning cheeks that glowed with the warm and burning blood that went dashing through her veins, and then placing his lips against her lips, their communion became perfect and their spirits one.

By this time he knew it was a late hour and he must go. He gently brushed her entangled locks back the best he could and gently moved his hand over her cheeks with the touch of ownership, and she gently responded with the response of complete surrender. He, then, taking her hand, gently assisted her from the settee. As they looked each other in the face, without a word being expressed, for they understood the expression of each other's eyes,

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he once again gently leaned forward and kissed her good night. It was all over, and they understood each other—their feelings had been expressed to each other. From henceforth they were to be one in flesh, one in love, one in soul and one in spirit. Giving her again one gentle touch on the cheek and squeezing her hand with the feeling of complete devotion, they strolled from the parlor, where she assisted him on with his overcoat, and then with a handshake that both understood, he said “good night.”

Through the dreary, dark night—through the snow and sleet, he strolled his way home, feeling that he had conquered more than all the rest of the world combined; that henceforth life could not be a failure; that this night had meant more to him than all the rest of his life.

She turned off the lights in the parlor and went to her room, feeling that she had surrendered to one that was more to her than all the world—that the new life awakened within her was now perfect. The rest of the world was nothing to her—she belonged to one and one only.

CHAPTER IX

GRACE MEETS ANOTHER

AS the winter evenings passed young Wilson was a frequent visitor to the Shelton home. He felt that he had a right there now. It required no regular "engagement." As a rule he had an "understanding" with Grace when he would leave as to calling the next time. He was attentive not only in calling, for he had not forgotten that Grace was fond of flowers. Her room was frequently beautified with American Beauties that he had sent and with carnations that came every now and then, and oftentimes she was favored with a box of the best candy that could be bought in Louisville, containing Alex's card. He appreciated the attitude of a true lover and he knew how the heart of a woman longs for the attention of the one she loves. He did not disappoint her, for he was all that a true lover should be.

GRACE MEETS ANOTHER

But as the weeks came and went and time rolled on, the happy evenings of Grace and Alex in the parlor were interfered with by the approach of the summer season. The time for going to the "Springs" was at hand, and Mrs. Shelton, Ruth and Grace this summer did the unusual thing by going to one of the real fashionable resorts, and it was too far away for Col. Shelton to look after his business affairs and to visit them much; and Alex, too, had his father's affairs to look after and he could not go with them, however much he desired to do so.

When they reached the Springs they stopped at the leading hotel, and Grace's beauty was soon the topic of conversation. There were many wealthy young men at the hotel and all began soon to inquire, "Who is that lady with the two daughters?" They began to discuss Mrs. Shelton and Ruth and Grace among themselves, and the rumors soon spread "that the lady with the two beautiful daughters was from Kentucky," and all the young men were soon planning to meet them. "That one with such long, golden, beautiful auburn hair, with the deep brown eyes" was

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the topic of conversation with all. You could hear the young men in all parts of the hotel saying, "I would like to meet her. Isn't she a queen?" and "I am going to meet her."

Mrs. Shelton and the girls were soon introduced to all the leading guests and in a few days it was apparent to all that Morris Slogan, son of Pont Slogan, a multi-millionaire banker and broker of New York City, was deeply infatuated with Grace and that his fancy was more than having a mere summer girl. Every afternoon he would invite Grace to go driving with him, and almost daily she was the recipient of flowers—American Beauties and carnations—and magnificent boxes of candy from him; and at every ball at the hotel it was noticed by all that he especially enjoyed dancing and being with Grace. That she was his favorite of all the guests was apparent to all observers.

In the meantime John King of New York, who had met Ruth at the wedding of Hattie and Marie and who had since frequently visited the home of the Sheltons at Summer Hill and had kept the mails busy carrying the gentle missives from New York to Rocktite, ap-

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peared upon the scene at the Springs, for he knew that Ruth was there. He remained during the stay of Mrs. Shelton and the girls at the Springs and it is unnecessary to state that he occupied all the time of Ruth.

Morris Slogan, a good judge of human nature as he was, soon observed that Mr. King was on good terms with Mrs. Shelton and the girls and that Mr. King had a purpose in being at the Springs—a purpose that meant that ere long he would lead Ruth to the altar. Morris reasoning to himself, thought, therefore, that the way for him to get on good terms with the Sheltons would be to make the acquaintance of Mr. King. They both lived in New York, and while Morris' family was higher in financial circles than Mr. King's, yet they both were somewhat on a common plane in that they both belonged to the better element of the metropolis. Morris therefore thought that he could soon discover something in common with Mr. King that would make their acquaintance pleasant. The first available opportunity that presented itself, he said to himself, "I will utilize it to meet Mr. King"—this, of course, he did and at once

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entered into a discussion of certain prominent men of business circles whom they both knew in New York. They also discussed the political and social clubs of New York and other topics that produced a mutual friendship. Morris, of course, with good tact let it be known that he was a son of Mr. Pont Slogan, the multi-millionaire. Of course this soon reached the Sheltons, for it had already reached other mothers in the hotel who were planning for their daughters to make an impression on Morris. When Morris and Grace would be driving out, these mothers would be lecturing their daughters in their rooms to the effect that they were not using good tact in making an impression upon Morris, for it was apparent to those who observed things, that several of these mothers had their eyes on Morris as a "catch" for their daughters, and it was equally apparent to all that the designing of all of these mothers was without effect—that Grace was the only one at the Springs in whom Morris had an interest. Every afternoon as he took her driving, he endeavored with good tact to become better acquainted with Grace—to get on better terms

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with her. He soon began to compliment her on her beautiful eyes, her beautiful golden hair, but somehow or other he did not have the same earnestness in his manner and in the way he said things as did Alex Wilson. As they would stroll on the lawn in the moonlight, her arm gently in his, occasionally, as by accident, he would let his hand take hold of hers, but somehow or other it had the effect of coldness upon Grace, and she, pretending not to know his purpose, would withdraw her hand from his. As they would be seated on the rustic seats on the lawn in the moonlight, he soon began occasionally to let his hand touch hers, and then looking straight into her eyes with a kind of half feeling of emotion, he would unintentionally touch one of her golden locks that was hanging loose, and then beg her pardon, and say, "Oh, excuse me." "Certainly," said Grace, but all the time she knew his purpose and felt that his pursuit produced no response in her. Evening after evening they spent seated on the rustic seats on the lawn, and each time Morris made his earnest approaches. "I am so fond of Southern beauty," he said to her.

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“I have often heard of the beautiful women of Kentucky, and I have seen the real evidences thereof now,” and then quietly attempting to take hold of her hand while she pulled it away from him, he said, “I was impressed with you when you first entered the hotel, and when I saw you walking to the register I felt a consciousness that our meeting would be mutual. I never had any one to make the impression on me at first sight that you did. Then after you registered and turned to go to your room and the first time I got a look into your eyes, those beautiful dreamy brown eyes seemed to arouse all the best sentiments and emotions of my soul.” Grace turned toward him rather coldly and deliberately said: “Oh, Mr. Slogan, you are mistaken—I assure you I appreciate your compliment, but all this will soon wear off.” “Oh, not with me,” said he. “I shall never forget the impression when you stepped into the hotel and went to the register. I might live a thousand years and the sentiments and emotions that were aroused within me when I looked for the first time into your dreamy brown eyes will never be forgotten—and

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those impressions are a part of my life.” Grace, looking a little serious, said, “Well, I am certainly sorry; you will soon find another, however, that you will like better.” “Never in this life,” said he. “I know it is a short acquaintance,” he continued; “I know that we have not known each other long, but I am perfectly willing to let you and your parents know who I am and who my parents are. I do not say it with any boasting, but you know my father is the head of the firm of Slogan & Co. and is worth millions—there are only four children and I will be heir to several million dollars. I promise you all the earnest attention and devotion of a true man and all the comforts that money will give, if you will only become mine—if you will only let me become the owner of those golden locks and those beautiful soft brown eyes.” He then attempted to take hold of her hand, but she pulled it back. “That is certainly kind of you,” she said, “and I appreciate, I assure you, your good intentions—I don’t question that you are a gentleman, Mr. Slogan, but our acquaintance, you see, has been so short.” The short acquaintance was only an excuse

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for Grace, for while she said this and while he was attempting to take hold of her hand, she thought of the days in the parlor at Summer Hill with Alex, and her mind was not on Mr. Slogan but on another, and as Mr. Slogan attempted to take hold of her hand it had a chilling effect on her—it did not arouse those sentiments and feelings within her that the touch of Alex's hand did.

It was time now to retire, and yet Grace had given him nothing but evasion. After she went to her room, she thought rather than slept—it was a great temptation—she thought of his millions and she thought of the pleasure of living in New York with the “four hundred” composed of multi-millionaires—she thought of the pleasures money would give—she was conscious that she had the beauty and the culture to shine among the “four hundred” in the great metropolis; and as she thought over all of these things, her mind would revert to the hours spent in the parlor with Alex at Summer Hill. Somehow her better feelings—her true nature—were not aroused by the association with and the touch of Mr. Slogan—there was no affinity between

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them—no union—his touch aroused a chill rather than emotion. She thought of his millions, then she thought of her happy hours of union and communion spent with Alex, and she went to sleep with these two courses in life struggling within her—would she take the one with the millions and luxuries and pleasures that money would bring, or the other for love—this was the question that she had to settle.

The next morning when she came down to breakfast, the clerk handed her a letter that bore the post mark “Rocktite, Ky.” She knew the handwriting—she had been receiving these letters ever since she had been at the Springs—and she opened it to read before going to breakfast.

“My Dearest One:—

“I hope you are having a good time—you know that for me to know that you are happy makes me happy. You know that my happiness in this life depends on seeing you happy, for to me you are more than all the rest of the world—than all other things in life. I only wish I could be with you, but father’s busi-

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ness is such that I cannot leave home, and I can only commune with you by writing to you. I think of you daily and hourly. I hope you receive the flowers that I send you each day and that you appreciate them and think of me when you receive them. Of course I wish that you were here so that I could be with you, but I would not have you to cut your stay short for my pleasure, if you are having a good time. I can stand all things when I know you are happy. Have a good time, my dearest one, but remember as you meet others, that you are mine. I would not be jealous, but while away from me, do not let anyone else steal that heart that is so dear to me. All of your love I desire and crave, and with that, I ask no more, for with you and your love I can conquer all things. I enjoy your letters so much because I know you mean what you say. Write me daily because your letters do me so much good. Do not let any one else steal your heart while you are away from me. Good-bye, my dear."

As she read these words, her face burned, her heart throbbed with emotion that she

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could not control, and she said to herself, "I would not give him for all the millions."

After breakfast, she went to her room and she re-read and re-read Alex's letter, and every time that she re-read it she saw something new in it—she experienced new feelings from it, and then she picked up her pen and wrote:

"My Dear One:—Your dear letter received and it did me so much good. You don't know how much I appreciate your flowers. To be loved by a true man like you is enough for me. I kiss your flowers when they come and your letters too. You need not think that any one here will divide my affections with you—that is impossible. We will be home soon. I shall write you daily until then. I know it will be a happy meeting when we see each other again. With much love,

"GRACE."

That afternoon when Morris Slogan asked her to go to drive, he saw in her expression a desire not to offend him but to excuse herself, and being a man of good tact and a gentleman, he did not press his invitation, but

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that night when he invited her to go for the usual stroll on the lawn, he saw that she wished to excuse herself, yet in a way not to offend him; but thinking that perseverance would win, he insisted, and as they strolled to the rustic seat, he was thinking of a way to approach her better sentiments, and after they were seated all alone, he looked at her and gently complimented her upon her flowers, but he observed that they were not the ones that he had sent her. He attempted to compliment her as he did the evening before as to her queenly hair—but he saw without effect. He let his hand accidentally fall against hers and he saw that she withdrew it quickly, and that the only effect that he was making was to chill her. They did not remain seated long until she said, “Mr. Slogan, I am not feeling very well this evening and I know you will be kind enough to excuse me.” “Certainly,” said he. She soon retired, and he went to his room thinking why it was that with all the tact that he had used he was making such a poor impression upon her.

Every afternoon, he, with good tact, insisted that she go to drive with him. She ex-

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cused herself as often as good manners would permit, but occasionally went with him, and the afternoon before she was to go home the next day, he took her for a long drive and insisted while driving that she correspond with him. She quickly said, "Oh, I am such a poor correspondent, you would not enjoy corresponding with me." "Oh, I know I would," said he—"if I could only get a few lines from you occasionally,—tell me," he said with all the earnestness of his soul, "if you will not correspond with me. You do not know what a pleasure it would be to me to receive letters from you—you have no idea how it would inspire me in my business life—with the encouragement that your letters would give me, I would nerve myself to succeed my father at the head of his banking house, and oh, if I only had the inspiration through life that you could give to me, I would become one of the great financial magnates of New York; and in return for the inspiration that you could give to me, I could give you all the happiness, comforts and luxuries that money could produce." "That is very kind of you, Mr. Slogan," she said, "but really you should

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not feel so deeply interested in me, and I know that I could have no such effect upon your life as you think." "Oh, you do not appreciate the influence that your life could have over me," said he. She looked a little shy and felt a little chilly as he spoke thus, and turning to him, she said, "Oh, that is all a misapprehension on your part."

At this point they had reached on their return the place to alight. He helped her from the magnificent carriage, gently squeezing her hand and looking into her soft eyes with a yearning and sympathetic look, as she alighted. "I have enjoyed the drive very much, Mr. Slogan. Accept my many thanks for your many courtesies"—and thence to her room she went. She felt the pressure of his persistent pursuit—she had thought it all over, and with the sincerity of a true woman, she had finally decided that she would not exchange the emotions, the feelings and the love produced by Alex's presence for all of Mr. Slogan's gold. From then until the time they were to return home, she avoided Mr. Slogan and she gave him no opportunity to have a final confidential "chat." However,

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he was at the station to see them off. He gave her a sympathetic, wistful look as he extended his hand to tell her good-bye, and he clasped her hand with a grasp and touch that communicated his inner and true feelings to Grace. "Good-bye," she said to him; "I appreciate, Mr. Slogan, very much your courtesies and kindness since we met."

As the train pulled out, he had hopes and doubts contesting in his mind as to her attitude toward him. These thoughts he could not relieve himself of and he was hoping against hope. He believed somehow and in some way he could win her, yet he was conscious that his presence did not produce a natural response from her. Next day he mailed her a beautiful box of flowers, and after many efforts, succeeded in penning her these lines:

"My Dear Miss Shelton:—I hope by the time this letter reaches you that you will have arrived home safely. A great many of the guests are now leaving and only a few are coming, as the season is drawing to an end. Some of our mutual friends, whom you met

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when you were here, have not gone as yet. I stroll the lawn alone since you left. Somehow I don't care to mix with the guests—there is a kind of loneliness about the place since you left. I need not tell you that I felt like I wanted to go to Kentucky too when you left. Really I want to go now. If it would not be asking too much of you, it would afford me great pleasure to visit you. Somehow I don't feel that you will deny me this pleasure. Do me the kindness to let me hear from you, if only a few lines.

“With many thoughts of the pleasant hours spent with you while here, I am still living in hopes of seeing you in the near future.

“MORRIS SLOGAN.”

When Grace received this letter and the flowers she fully appreciated the delicate position that she was in. She regretted to hurt Mr. Slogan's feelings and she appreciated his honorable purposes too much for that, yet she owed a duty to another, so she concluded the best way was not to answer his letter at all.

But Morris however, waiting a few days and

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not receiving an answer, sent another beautiful box of flowers selected with taste, with the design to arouse the best sentiments within Grace, and after thinking over the whole matter, he decided the best way to arouse a response was to write another gentle, brief, touching note.

“My Dear Miss Shelton:—

“I came near saying my dear Grace, but I thought that that might be more familiarity than you would fully appreciate, yet, anyway, you know that the name Grace is a dear name to me, and when I associate it with the pleasant evenings spent with you, it becomes dearer to me.

“I wrote you the day after you left, but I have not been favored with an answer. I didn’t think that you would be so cruel. I know that if you only realized what a few lines from you would be to me, you would write me. Oh, if I could only hear from you—just a few lines.

“I leave today for New York. Do write me. Address me at No. — Wall St., in care of my father’s banking house, Pont Slogan & Co.

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“With many good wishes for you and for your happiness, I am as one wishing to hear from you.

MORRIS.

“P. S.—I do wish to visit Kentucky so much—write me and let me know when I can have that pleasure.”

He was thoughtful and tactful enough not even to refer to the flowers. He thought silence as to them would appeal to her with more sympathy.

In about a week or so, after thinking the matter over, Grace thought it would be too cruel and even impolite not even to write him, yet she did not wish to encourage the correspondence, so she finally decided to write him on this line:

“Mr. Morris Slogan,

“No. — Wall St.,

“New York.

“My Dear Mr. Slogan:—

“I received the flowers and wish to return to you my many thanks. It was indeed very thoughtful and kind of you to remember me thus. I also received your two letters and would have written you before now, but we

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have been so busy since returning from the Springs.

“I wish to return to you many thanks for courtesies shown me while we were at the Springs. Mamma, Ruth and I all arrived home safely. We had a real family reunion on our return. I never appreciate old Kentucky so much as when I go away awhile and then return.

“Now, Mr. Slogan, as to you visiting home, of course we are always delighted to see our friends. For the next few weeks we will not be in a position to entertain, but in the near future, if you wish to come as a friend, I would be delighted to see you.

“Sincerely,

“GRACE SHELTON.”

When Mr. Slogan received this letter, he read it and re-read it; he took in the full meaning of the words “as a friend” and he was conscious of what Grace intended to convey. However, he did not realize that her purpose in postponing his visit for some weeks was only to give him time to receive another communication before coming.

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In due time, however, and before it would be proper for him to ask to visit her after receiving her letter, he received another communication from Rocktite, Ky. He recognized the handwriting—he knew it was from Grace. It produced new courage within him until he opened it and read:

“Mr. and Mrs. John Shelton request your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Grace, to Mr. Alex Wilson,” etc.

He understood it all then. He fully appreciated Grace’s attitude at the Springs, and he was now fully convinced that he was better prepared to interpret the acts and words of a woman than ever before.

CHAPTER X

ANOTHER DOUBLE WEDDING

OF course Mr. Slogan did not attend the wedding. He was not in a mood that fitted him for the occasion—first mad and then regretting, and then trying to reconcile these two conflicting feelings within him, made him want to be to himself—all alone. He thought he was disgusted with woman-kind, but he was not—he only thought so.

Grace's beauty was a living image in his mind, yet when his pride arose within him he resented what he considered from his standpoint such cruel treatment. Why a gentleman like himself, with his millions, and who moved in the circle of "the four hundred" in New York, a circle whose only criterion and standard is the almighty dollar, should be declined by a lady with ordinary means for a Kentucky youth who was only in average financial circumstances, was more than he

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could understand. He resented it, but these feelings you know pass away, and human nature is so created that another soon takes the place of the vacuum that it once seemed could not be filled.

It was a day of great joy and great regrets with Col. and Mrs. Shelton, for their lives had been consecrated to the raising of the girls, and now that they all were going was to be regretted, but they were all doing well—marrying men of good repute, a thing to rejoice over. Hattie and Marie had married well and both had returned home with their husbands for the purpose of attending the wedding. John King was a young business man of more than ordinary promise in the business world in New York. The Wilson and Shelton families were glad Grace and Alex were to be married. “All the Shelton girls had done well” was the comment of the district around about Rocktite.

It was a time of both joy and weeping—a time that comes in all families—a parting of the ways—a family breaking up. Summer Hill had been a happy home, here had dwelt a true man wedded to a saintly and pure woman,

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and each had been all that could be expected by the other. Their union had been a true and happy union, and as the fruits of their marriage there had been four beautiful girls that they had raised to queenly womanhood. Two of the girls had married and gone to assume the responsibilities of life, and now the other two were going. On occasions like this parents rejoice to see their daughters do well, and yet are sad to see them go, for when they assume the marriage relation their affections are transferred to other sources,—other than the parents. Of course they still retain the parental love, but it does not have the same fervor that it once did, for the human heart is only capable of so much love, and when the conjugal relation divides it with the filial relation, the latter, of course, is weakened. Col. and Mrs. Shelton felt and realized the force of these facts, but they realized, too, that we are all the servants of the laws of nature. Question, grumble and rebel as we may, we all finally bow in obedience to the unchangeable and unwritten decrees of nature. That the marriage relation was decreed by nature for a purpose and that the human family in or-

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ganized society will continue to execute that decree, they fully recognized.

They had had one double wedding and the two girls were gone—the family circle had been broken, and now the other two were to go. They had prepared to make it an occasion of both a family reunion and a family parting. The girls were there—Hattie and Marie with their husbands—and representative men they were. All of the guests that were at the marriage of Hattie and Marie, who now lived in the community, were there; the special friends of the Shelton family from various parts of old Kentucky were there; the Rev. Dr. Curry, who had administered to the spiritual welfare of the Shelton family for years and who officiated at the wedding of Hattie and Marie, was there; Capt. Bell, the old family friend of the Sheltons, stately, intelligent, congenial and manly, gentleman of the old school that he was, was there.

Mr. King and Mr. Wilson felt that they were heroes, each felt that he was a conqueror and had won a prize that was worth more than all the world to him. Of course, John King could see only one beautiful woman in the

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Shelton home and that was Ruth, and from his viewpoint she was queenly, pure and good, all that mortal man could ask. And Alex knew that Grace was beautiful, pure and good. He did not have to measure her beauty from his viewpoint, but from the viewpoint of everyone who knew her she was as near perfection both as to character and beauty as it was possible for a mortal to be.

The Shelton home was magnificently arranged for the occasion, servants were everywhere willing and waiting to give every attention to every guest. The atmosphere seemed to be impregnated with the odors and perfumes of carnations and roses and flowers of every description. Everything that human appetite could desire or wish was ready and waiting for the guests—it was the hospitality of a representative home—of a great civilization. The doors were thrown wide open—the guests were everywhere—everybody was happy—everyone congratulating each other and all congratulating Col. and Mrs. Shelton, and especially Mr. King and Mr. Wilson, for each had won the heart of the one that meant more than all the rest of the world to him.

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Finally the all important hour came—the wedding march began to vibrate through the Shelton mansion—down the long and wide hall and through the spacious reception room into the double parlor marched Mr. Wilson and Mr. King, arm in arm; then from the other long wide hall extending through the other part of the mansion, came Col. Shelton, stately and manly, stepping with the firm step of a king, with his two queenly daughters, one leaning on one arm and one on the other; through the long and spacious reception room into the spacious parlor they marched; there stood the Rev. Dr. Curry, a solemn and godly man. Every available space in the double parlor, in the wide reception room, in the long spacious halls, on the long wide verandah, was filled with admiring guests. In the presence of these witnesses, Col. Shelton, releasing his arms from those of his two fair daughters, releasing them from his care and from his protection, gave Grace's arm to Alex and Ruth's to Mr. King,—surrendered each one of them unto the care and protection of the man of her choice, and when the Rev. Dr. Curry had gone through the usual ceremony and re-

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ceived the usual responses, he raised his face heavenward and said, "Let us pray," and after asking the guidance and care of the Father of all upon the two young couples entering into the relation that His decree had designed, he said, turning to Mr. King and Ruth, "I pronounce you husband and wife," and then turning to Alex and Grace he said, "I pronounce you husband and wife;" then extending his hand to each one of them, he said "God bless you." The silence was then broken—Col. and Mrs. Shelton both coming forward and extending their hands and congratulations, then in order came Hattie and Marie and their husbands, and then the good old friend of the family, Capt. Bell, then the guests in regular and orderly procession—it was a cordial affair—the atmosphere was alive with earnestness and cordiality, no sham, no false pretension, but sincerity seemed to be in every heart.

Grace was more beautiful this day than ever before in her life; her golden auburn hair seemed to make her look more queenly than ever before, her deep brown eyes moved by the inspiration of the hour seemed to give

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forth an expression of the very throbbing of her warm and earnest heart—in them was an inspiration that would have softened and moved a heart of stone, her gown was beautifully and tastefully arranged so as to show to every advantage her compact figure. The excitement of the occasion seemed to embarrass her just enough to make her creamy, tender and soft face blush with the complexion of her warm, young and burning blood—her throbbing heart sent dashing through her veins the blood of life and youth that made her a real living magnet. As she and Alex stood arm in arm and the man of God pronounced them one, there seemed to be communion between them. When the marriage was over and the refreshments had been served, Alex and his bride and Mr. King and his bride left on the next train for the usual bridal tour, then the guests began to leave—in a short while all were gone except Hattie and Marie, Mr. Kinston and Mr. Winston and Capt. Bell. The Shelton mansion had an air of loneliness.

CHAPTER XI

A FAMILY REUNION

AFTER the marriage of Grace and Ruth, Mr. King settled in New York where he was engaged in the steel and hardware business. Grace and Alex returned to Summer Hill and made their home with Col. and Mrs. Shelton, for Col. and Mrs. Shelton could not conceive of the idea of all the girls being away from them and persuaded Grace and Alex to make their home with them. The parents felt in their declining years that they needed the inspiration, love and care of their baby girl and the "apple of their eye." Although the other girls were gone, if Col. and Mrs. Shelton could only keep Grace and Alex with them, there was still something for which to live. Alex was an ideal son-in-law, he respected Col. and Mrs. Shelton. Grace's affection for him was such as to keep his heart tender and gentle. He loved Grace with a

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love that was so deep seated that it made him feel tender and kind toward her devoted father and mother. Col. and Mrs. Shelton were beginning to grow old—age had begun to tell its story upon them—they were gradually moving toward that great road into which every mortal traveler puts his foot to go the long journey. Col. Shelton had reached the point in life where he wished to lay aside business cares and spend the remainder of his days in peace and quietude. Mrs. Shelton felt that she no longer wished to be burdened with household duties and family cares; so the running of the Shelton plantation and caring for its business affairs was practically turned over to Mr. Wilson, and the care of the Shelton mansion placed in the hands and care of Grace. But in due course of time Col. and Mrs. Shelton felt that they once again wanted all the children around the fireside—that they wanted to see all the children and grandchildren under the parental roof, and they decided to have a family reunion. Hattie and Mr. Kinston with their two beautiful little girls, and Marie and Mr. Winston with their beautiful little girl and manly little boy, Mr.

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King and Ruth with their little girl and Alex and Grace with their little girl, were there. Capt. Bell was the only guest invited to this reunion who was present at the marriage of all the daughters, but he was there, aged though he was, with the same classic face and manly form of other days. The Shelton home did not have that life and vivacity in the atmosphere of days gone by when all the girls were single—it did not have that touch of life of other days, and the old piano in the large front parlor didn't seem to have the same ring, the large oaks with the vines twining around them didn't seem to have the cheer and the spirit of other days. Somehow, no one could explain why, there seemed to be a spirit of decay and disintegration that all was passing away in the atmosphere of Summer Hill. The spirit of disintegration, which breaks up the family, the fireside and the home of each generation as it passes in the march of civilization of the human family, seemed to permeate the very atmosphere and life of the Shelton home, and all present seemed to be conscious of the numb, dead, disintegrating spirit that permeated the very

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atmosphere—all present labored under this burden and it was apparent to each and every one there that each and every one was attempting to throw off and conceal the feelings that were present. Capt. Bell, always full of life and of good spirits, was exerting his best efforts to put life and cheer into the occasion.

At the appointed time when all were gathered around the family table to replenish nature's demands, Capt. Bell and Col. Shelton thought it an opportune time to put the current of life into action and to rehabilitate the old mansion with the spirit of other days, if such were possible. They therefore naturally turned to the current topics of the day and to such subjects as were uppermost in the public mind. Capt. Bell, with his classic, intelligent and aged face, led in the conversation. "What do you think, Col. Shelton, is going to be the outcome of all this agitation that seems to be stirring up public sentiment so, as to the trusts and combines—it seems from the Eastern, Cincinnati and Chicago papers that that is the issue of all issues that the American people have got to contend with. I don't

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know what your opinion on the subject is, but I am firmly convinced that it is an issue that the Republic is standing face to face with, and one that is going to take the best patriotism and intelligence of the rising generations to solve. In my opinion, the patriotism and intelligence of this government has got to either destroy these trusts and their combines or they will destroy the government—in fact, if the current reports and information that is given out by the press and the legitimate sources from the government are true, they now have this government prostrated and helpless, and the men who are at the head of these combines and who give life and direction to them are more powerful than the chief executive of the Republic and of all the constituted legal authorities combined, and these combinations possess more power and more wealth than this government of eighty millions of people of the greatest race the world has ever known. You and I, Colonel, haven't a great while to stay here and to struggle with these problems. Each generation since the beginning of the human family and civilization has had its own problems to solve, its

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own burdens to bear and its own struggles to overcome. Our forefathers, when they first fled to these shores to throw off the oppression of the British, had their trials, they saw the broad forest and the great prairies that stretched out over this continent, they saw that God had intended this as a country where his children could enjoy liberty, justice, law and order and the fruits of their labor, without being oppressed by a privileged class, a worthless, non-wealth-producing aristocracy and royal Courts and the absolutism of monarchy; they realized that this, the new world, was the last hope for justice and right to reign among men, and the last chance that the masses, who produce the wealth and support organized society, would ever have to bid the onward march of oppression, royalty, monarchy, and the privileged classes to stop. They fully realized that it was the opportune time in the progress of the human race for justice to triumph over wrong and to begin its warfare for existence, and if right ever expected to make war on these false schools of government in the name of humanity, that they were living in the age when it should be

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done, that Almighty God had placed the burden and the duty upon their shoulders to begin the crusade against these false schools of government which had oppressed and robbed mankind from the beginning of organized society to the end that class rule, monarchy and privileged classism should be dethroned, and that justice, law and order should reign throughout the civilized world. Our forefathers, realizing what this opportunity meant to mankind, and if it was lost, then that the same old fraudulent school of government, monarchy, absolutism, royalty and classism would continue to oppress mankind throughout the ages, arose in their might and declared that the colonies of this continent "were and of right should be free." They made this declaration when they knew, if they lost and their cause went down in defeat, that it meant their lives,—meant that they were to be stamped as traitors and shot down as felons, yet, for truth and for right and for humanity's sake, they stood by their principles and died on the battle field for convictions, to the end that this Republic might be established, and that its reflex action might go out as a civiliz-

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ing power in every clime until the false schools that have oppressed mankind throughout the ages should be exposed and dethroned, and that right, justice, law and order should reign wherever organized society is established. They succeeded—they planted their impress upon the charts of time and left the heroic acts of their lives as a heritage to the human family. From that day until now each generation in this Republic has had its burdens to bear and its own problems to solve. In the beginning of the Republic there were the various conflicting schools of government, and some believed that each one of the states should remain separate and independent powers, some believed that some of the states should organize respective confederate governments, some believed that all the states should organize a confederate government, some believed that all the states should organize a national government, and others believed that all the states should organize a system which would perpetuate a ruling class of officers that would finally develop into class rule and legal caste in this country. They based their faith on the ground that

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this was necessary to perpetuate the government. These were conflicting views and they had to struggle and contest with each other for existence, and out of the conflict our present system of government was finally evolved, and then later when all of the various schools had resolved themselves into two conflicting views, it took a civil war to establish which one of the two conflicting views should rule. All of these issues tried men's souls, and out of them, in my opinion, we have evolved the best form of government that has ever been established among men, but I am honest when I tell you that I believe that this Republic, which cost so much human blood, so much suffering and so many human lives, is now on trial and is staggering in its struggle with the commercial privileged classes, whose combinations have become more powerful than the government itself. What the future will be, no man can tell, but one thing sure, the old-time patriotism of the Fathers must be aroused and the government must dethrone these combinations and their power or they will dethrone the government; and then blood will be shed, organized so-

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ciety will be crushed, anarchy will be in control, and we will have another reign of terror. This is a dark view and a gloomy picture I know, Colonel, which you and I will not live to see, but as sure as you and I sit here at this table today, it is coming unless the conscience and patriotism of the American people are aroused to the necessities of the issue."

"You may be over-drawing the picture, Captain," said Col. Shelton, "but I admit that it is a serious question—one that statesmen and patriots should deal with, and not demagogues and commercial pirates."

All this time Mr. King, Alex, Mr. Winston and Mr. Kinston and the ladies had listened with earnestness—the conversation between Capt. Bell and Col. Shelton had impressed them. Mr. King injected into the conversation, "Captain, you and Colonel must excuse me—I am not a prophet, and do not undertake to predict what the future will be from history, but as a practical business man, I am having experiences—I know that the steel and iron trusts and the trusts that control the other articles which I deal in, are

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giving the dealers who are competing in the markets for just and honorable trade, a tussle—whether we are going to be able to hold out and continue in business is a serious problem, or whether we will finally be crushed out and be compelled to become employees of these combines instead of conducting business for ourselves is the question before us, and it is a very serious question and all the independent dealers who are competing in the market for honest and independent trade, fully realize the seriousness of the situation.”

At this point Mr. Winston also injected into the conversation, “Yes, this cotton combination is affecting the cotton planters as well as the manufacturers. The cotton planters are beginning to feel their operations.”

“You are not feeling them as much as we do the sugar and rice trusts,” said Mr. Kinston—the fact of the business is they have just about got control of all the manufacturing facilities of the country—they control the output of the entire product of our line in the country—they control the price which the producer is to receive and the price which the

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consumer is to pay—what the end of the operations is going to be, we do not know, but there is one thing we know—all we planters who raise the produce are at their mercy.”

“Well, haven’t the tobacco trusts and combines got us within their clutches,” said Alex—“they control the entire product of the country in this line—they say what the producer shall receive for his products and what the consumer shall pay for what he consumes.”

At this time the conversation turned to other topics, and dinner was soon over. The ladies went to the parlor and the gentlemen to the smoking room for a smoke.

After the family reunion for some days was over, Mr. Kinston and Hattie returned to their home, Mr. Winston and Marie to theirs, and Mr. King and Ruth returned to New York. Alex and Grace, of course, remained at the Shelton home. The reunion was over, and of course Col. and Mrs. Shelton felt better for having had the children once again around the fireside. Little did they think or

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even dream that this would be the last time that the family with all of its members would reassemble.

CHAPTER XII

THE CAUSE

THE papers all over the country, for weeks before the family reunion at Summer Hill, had been filled with the "Trust and Corporation Issue." It was the issue of the times. At the country school houses, country churches, on the street corners and in the public marts of trade throughout the land this had become the all-important issue. "What is going to be the final outcome of these trusts and combines?" was the all-important question. It was the question that everybody everywhere throughout the land was asking. For years the men who organized these combines had been going about their work systematically with premeditation and design—day after day, week after week, they had met at their usual meeting place in the rear of Pont Slogan & Company's Banking House on Wall Street and planned the

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ways and means not only to control the prices of the products of the eighty million people of this American Republic, but in a measure, all the world. Day after day, week after week, and month after month they had met there with only one purpose in view—dollars, dollars, dollars—regardless of the rights of humanity, regardless of law—human or Divine—dollars they must have. Night after night, day after day and week after week, they had met in this quiet office, set apart for the purpose of their business in the rear of Slogan & Co.'s Banking House; unmindful of the millions of men, women and children, poorly clad, hungry and starving in the death pools and hovels all around them; unmindful of the thousands of wretched men, women and children who were daily placing their feet in the great road and beginning the long journey for the want of raiment and food—of the men, women and children who daily die with the pangs of hunger gnawing at their vitals; and whose hunger-worn and haggard forms are carried like the beasts of the forest to the potter's field, after their spirits are gone into the great unknown; unmindful

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of the ten millions of human beings living under the flag of this American Republic, actually wanting for food to stop the gnawings of hunger at the soul and raiment to keep their shivering bodies warm; unmindful of the thousands of human beings that are daily being brought into existence from mothers suffering from hunger and disease for the want of food and care; unmindful of the thousands of men and women under the flag of the Republic who wear chains and clamps of the convict for committing some petty act to secure food to satisfy the gnawing of hunger; unmindful of the thousands who shiver with cold and die of hunger all around them, from the time of the coming of the bleak winds of the north until the kissing of the May sun, while these conspirators against legitimate business interests, their kith and their kind, roll by in their gorgeous carriages clothed in the finest velvets and furs and dissipate in the brown stone mansions on Fifth Avenue, erected out of the wealth that the pauperized millions, who shiver for the want of clothes and die for the want of food, produced.

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Night after night in this back room they had their usual meetings to perfect and to operate their plans and designs, their ways and means, to fix their combinations so as to name the prices that every wealth producer of the land should be compelled to receive for his labor and products and to name the price that every consumer under the flag should pay for the clothes he wore and the food that he ate. Day after day and night after night they assembled there to carry out their schemes and their plans in defiance of law and order and the rights of every citizen under the flag; unmindful of the statue of liberty standing in the harbor of the great port of the greatest republic on earth, raising its countenance and expression in defiance to the oppression, monarchy and class rule of the old world, and holding up the beacon light to the oppressed millions of despots, crowned heads and monarchs of the old world to come hither and take up their abode under the flag of the republic where all men could receive the fruits of their own labor and right according to common justice.

There were no waving signs inviting the

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general public to these meetings, there were no notices published putting the world on notice of what was going on there; the thousands went struggling by on Broadway—rushing, pushing, going hither and thither for what purpose they knew not; the thousands were daily struggling around Wall Street, taking chances in the gambling atmosphere that existed there, hoping to reinstate themselves financially and regain their lost fortunes; over in the Stock Exchange men pulled their hair, clasped their hands, gritted their teeth, yelled at the top of their voices, jumped hither and thither, struggled and tussled with each other like madmen, grasping for the dollar—grabbing after the dollars that the wealth producer had created, without giving value received; out there in the harbor men-of-war were anchored at half mast with their iron ribs and steel lungs throbbing—challenging all the world to deny the rights of the American citizen under the Constitution; the flags of every nation waved in the atmosphere as the ships of commerce passed hither and thither, bringing and carrying the commerce

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of the world created by the great wealth producing classes.

All of this time, quietly and silently, the the creators and controllers of the great trust and corporate combines continued their silent meetings in the little room on Wall Street, in the rear of Slogan & Company's Banking House. John Fukelow, a native of North Carolina, the cradle of American democracy, President of The International Amalgamated Tobacco Company; Thos. Shots, President of the International Steel & Iron Trust; Jacob Heinstein, President of the International Sugar Trust; John Sukelow, President of the International Oil Company; Wm. Morgan, President of The American & Continental Cotton Company; John Henson, President of the American & Continental Wheat & Corn Company; Thos. Hall, President of the great International Steamship Company; John Walton, President of the great American & Pacific Union Railway Company; Henry Baker, President of the great Northeastern & New England Railway Company; Henry Simpson, President of the great Southeastern

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and Southwestern Railway Company; and Pont Slogan, head of the Banking House of Pont Slogan & Company, whose chief business it was to organize and control these business institutions; and others, were as a rule always present at the meetings. Mr. Slogan was chairman of the organization and presided as a rule, for the reason that his Banking House organized these institutions and "financed" them. These meetings were composed of men unique in character—Mr. Slogan, who was the leader, and whose business judgment was always respected, was the personification of the purpose of the men who met there—heavy, stoutly built, with a thick neck, red face, broad nose, large steel gray eyes, with a facial expression that indicated two dominant elements in his nature—intellect and animal—the power to make money, and the animal to take what others create without any moral standard of right or any remorse for having done wrong.

These meetings had gone on for month after month, and year in and year out, before the day of the family reunion at Summer Hill. The effects of the institutions that

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these men were fixing upon the country had just begun to be realized by the people then. The newspaper agitation was stirring up public sentiment, and Mr. Slogan and his executive committee of the organization thought it was time that something was done to suppress public sentiment; so as public sentiment grew, he became more apprehensive and called a meeting of the organization for special purposes.

It was a cold, damp night, one of those usual snow storms that come from the great northeast and hover over New York during the bitter winter season—the wind was howling everywhere, Broadway and Wall Street were blockaded with ice and snow, the electric cars had ceased to move, the storm was raging everywhere, the snow was falling fast in such flakes that the thousands who attempted to go from their places of business to their homes dashed against each other, blinded by the snow and the storm; the elevated cars were slipping, balking on the frozen and icy tracks,—the whole city was frozen and locked; the thousands of the poor and unfortunate on the east side were shiver-

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ing, perishing and dying with hunger, but at the appointed time Pont Slogan and his associates had made their way to the room in the rear of his Banking House on Wall Street. Without any ceremonies or formalities, he pulled off his heavy fur overcoat, his thick gloves, his warm fur cap and handed them to the porter to place upon the rack, and without passing any compliments of the occasion or shaking hands with his associates, he passed abruptly to the chair with an expression of defiance and determination upon his face. He and his associates had met there for their purposes, unmindful of the thousands of human beings out on the public highways moving the great traffic of the country to produce wealth for them, and who were exposed to the wind and storm and freezing blizzards; unmindful of the great spiritual world around them and of Varuna, the God of the Aryans; of Jehovah, the God of the Jews; and the Nazarene, the God of the Gentiles; unmindful of the great spiritual Being of the Universe, who makes and unmakes nations, creates and destroys empires, who measures the acts of men by his own standard of right, and in the

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end corrects all wrongs; unmindful of the fact that in a few passing years they would go the way of all of mankind, and that all that was human of them, when their spirits have passed into the great Unknown and into the great spiritual world, would be placed away to sleep in the same Mother Earth where all that is mortal of the thousands of paupers has been placed; unmindful of all of these facts, he and his associates were there, grasping for more money, more power,—even for power to defy all law, all constitutions, all executive power, all government and the sovereign will of the people. He arose half mad and half stammering and said: “Gentlemen, I have called this meeting for a purpose. It is a serious hour with the business interests of the country—demagogues and ‘yellow journalism’ are great menaces to business institutions; they are continually stirring up strife and playing upon the prejudice and ignorance of the people. It is unnecessary for me to call your attention to this stuff—agitation that you have seen in the papers for some time, and the bills filed in the courts by these demagogues, parading themselves as patriots. Of

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course you know and I know that their only purpose is to mislead the people, and they have filed these bills against business institutions for this purpose. I see, out in San Francisco, a bill has been filed against the sugar trust, as they call it; in Chicago some other demagogues have gotten together and filed one against the corn and sugar trust; then in New York these demagogues are competing with each other to see who can get to the courts first with bills against various institutions. There has been a bill, as you know, filed against the steel trust, one over in New Jersey against the Tobacco Trust. You and I know that they are mere business institutions, created for legitimate purposes, but these demagogues invariably designate them in their bills, as trusts, and this damnable litigation, instituted by these demagogues, makes meat for these sensational newspapers, and the whole country seems to have gone mad with demagogism and degenerated into a spirit of anarchy. Legal rights and rights of business interests seem to be no longer regarded nor considered. The purpose of this meeting is to

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formulate plans to suppress the efforts of these demagogues and anarchists. The 'Chair' is now ready to hear any suggestions from any of you gentlemen present—your interests, as well as mine, are involved, and I am sure that in this contest, where war is being made upon the business interests of this country by demagogues and anarchists, all you gentlemen will stand together as one man." And Mr. Slogan, heavy and chuffy and ponderous, with his red face flushing with indignation, sat down and leaned back in his big arm chair.

At this point, Mr. John Fukelow, President of the Amalgamated Tobacco Company, arose. He stood six feet some inches high, weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds, with a red, rough, coarse face—his physical form, manners, character and actions proved beyond doubt that he was a man that cared not for taste, refinement, culture nor the rights of others, but the animal predominated in him, and dollars constituted his only object in life. "Mr. Chairman, you are right, sir—the business institutions of this country will stand together, and we are going to have our rights.

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Every one of these demagogues and anarchists ought to be in the penitentiary; and these sensational newspapers, stirring up strife and agitation among the people, ought to be driven out of business and the damnable editors ought to be in the chaingang. I, for one, believe in crushing them and putting them out of business. We have got the money, and money will do anything, and I am in favor of turning loose enough money to put them out of business. I tell you, the only way to do this thing is to absolutely take charge of the elections (we have been doing business in that line, but we have not done enough of it), and to elect such officers as we know will do what we want done, and to elect legislators and judges and the congressmen and the governors—and know that they will do what we want done. You see the people are like sheep—they can be led astray by these demagogues, and if we will spend enough money to take charge of the politics of both of the great parties, we can elect men that we can control, and then these damned newspapers and demagogues can howl all they want to, and we will

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go on with our business. These are my sentiments, Mr. Chairman.”

At this point Mr. Jacob Heinstein, President of the International Sugar Trust, arose. He bore the chief characteristics of his race. He possessed more refinement and culture than Mr. Fukelow, and though he was raised in America, his mother tongue for centuries, Hebrew, was plainly in evidence when he spoke, and it is unnecessary to state that he loved the dollar. “Mr. Chairman, I fully agree with de remarks of de chair and de gentleman who has just spoken. Dis is a very serious matter to ‘buisiness’ institutions and de general ‘buisiness’ interests of de country. I know dat de sugar interests is suffering from de attacks of dese men in de courts. De gentleman who preceded me said dat ‘what we must do is to take charge of de elections and elect officers who will protect de “buisiness” interests of the country.’ I thought, Mr. Chairman, dat dat was what we had been doing. It has been my understanding all de time dat we had committees duly appointed for dis purpose—I thought dat we had a kind of co-operative understanding

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about dese matters, and dat our various interests had men, under titles of 'general agents', 'special agents' and 'advisory counsels', in de various states to look after dese political matters, legislation, and to see dat proper men were elected to office—I mean by dat, Mr. Chairman, to see dat men would be elected who would not be detrimental to our interests and to de 'buisiness' interests of de country. We have got to do something, Mr. Chairman—all of dis agitation is hurting our 'buisiness'. I am perfectly willing to co-operate with de organization in anything to protect our 'buisiness', and I would like to hear from some other gentlemen."

At this point Mr. Thos. Shots, President of the International Steel & Iron Trust, arose. "Mr. Chairman, I am in favor of going about this matter in a businesslike way. We own and control over one-half of the wealth of this country—we have got more money than the National Government and the governments of all the states—and money will do anything—money makes and unmakes laws, money makes and unmakes wars, money makes and unmakes governments, money will buy the

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people—you know they are just like so many sheep—they can be led anywhere and bought at all times. I am in favor of appointing a committee to take charge of this matter, and let us summon the ‘advisory counsels’, the ‘special agents’ and ‘general agents’ from all parts of this country who have charge of the political interests of the respective business institutions, and let us confer with them and put sufficient means at their disposal, and let them go to their respective homes and take charge of these matters in their respective states, and by systematic co-operation, we can suppress all of this agitation and it will soon blow over and the business interests will go on prospering. I make a motion, Mr. Chairman, that the Chair appoint a committee of five, of which the Chair shall be chairman, and that this committee be fully authorized to summon all of the ‘advisory counsels’, ‘special agents’ and ‘general agents’ from all sections of the country to meet with us here at a stated time, and we will take this matter up in systematic order and a businesslike way.”

“I second the motion,” said Mr. Morgan,

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President of the American & Continental Cotton Co.”

The chairman put the motion, which was duly carried, and then appointed his committee and stated the time of the next meeting, and then the meeting adjourned to meet as arranged.

CHAPTER XIII

THE NEXT MEETING

AT the stated time Pont Slogan and his associates reassembled at their meeting place in the rear of his Banking House. There were present, John Fukelow, of The International Amalgamated Tobacco Co., Thos. Shots of The International Steel & Iron Trust, Jacob Heinstein of The International Sugar Trust, John Sukelow of The International Oil Co., Wm. Morgan of The American & Continental Cotton Co., John Henson of The American & Continental Corn & Wheat Co., Thos. Hall of the great International Steamship Co., John Walton of the American & Pacific Railway Co., Henry Roke of the Northeastern & New England Railway Co., Henry Simpson of the Southeastern and Southwestern Railway Co., and Thos. Jones of The United International Casualty Co., and many other "Captains of Finance." These

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gentlemen met a few minutes before the appointed time for a private conference, then they strolled from the anteroom to their usual meeting place.

There was this difference in the arrangement for this meeting from the other one, however, the doors had been thrown wide open into the adjacent offices on this floor in the building to make room for the "Advisory Counsels," "Special Agents" and "General Agents," and the entire floor had been practically converted into one hall so these gentlemen could be comfortably seated. Pont Slogan and his associates walked to their usual seats, confident because the entire hall that had been thrown open for the meeting was filled with their lieutenants. The contrast between these "Captains of Finance" and their lieutenants was something noticeable. These "Captains of Finance" were rough, uncouth, and as a rule, illiterate; animal nature and brute force dominated their characters; they possessed no knowledge of literature, culture and refinement and the better things of life. The literature of Greece and Rome and the arts of the ancients were

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unknown quantities to them. What did they care for the theories of government that philosophers had thought out through the centuries to rule mankind; what did they care for the abstract right in the science of human government; what did they care for the laws of sociology; what did they care for the great economical principles of common justice among men? Not anything. They were governed by their animal natures and brute force; ready and willing to crush every law of common justice, every theory that statesmen and philosophers had thought out to govern organized society, every abstract principle of justice, or any other proposition to secure more dollars.

Their lieutenants, the "Advisory Counsels," "Special Agents" and "General Agents" were men of different type. As a rule they were men of more or less refinement, culture and intelligence; men trained in the art and skill of controlling other men of less intelligence; men who had secured the consent of their own minds to become the representatives of the great corporations and trusts and to manipulate the small politician and law-

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maker of the country, regardless of principle or right; men who had secured the consent of their own minds to believe in either free trade or protection, bimetallism or monometallism, Jeffersonianism or Hamiltonianism, as was most convenient to them or the clients that they represented. They had no conviction on any issue, political or otherwise. Politically, they could advocate the cause of the Republican party, the Democratic party, the Populist party, the Socialist party, or any other party that, for the time being, would be for the interest of the clients that they represented. These gentlemen who pass under the various titles of "Advisory Counsels," "Special Agents" and "General Agents," as a rule constitute the "Third House" of the various Legislatures of the different states throughout the Union, and as a rule hold their meetings in their rooms at the hotels where a few select politicians are invited to decide what bills the Legislatures shall pass or kill during the day that is to follow. As a rule, these men are always selected with good tact and judgment and always put the interest of their clients above their feelings. They never irri-

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tate the local politician, but always curry him the right way.

As Pont Slogan entered the presiding officer's chair, the animal was dominating his entire being—on his face was the expression of brute force—it was the face that the orphan and the widow would not approach for help—the face that would tell the sick and the helpless that no mercy was to be extended. With the animal force and tenacity of the bulldog, he looked over the heads of his associates into the faces of the lieutenants assembled before him, and said, “I am glad to see you gentlemen here,—we have invited you here for a special purpose; I do not doubt you gentlemen have been doing your best to control the legislatures in the shaping of the laws of the country for our interest; I do not doubt that you have used every dollar that we have placed in your hands for political purposes, to the very best advantage possible from your standpoint; I do not doubt that you have been faithful employees—have done your best to give our interests such privileges and protection as we need to carry on our business; I do not doubt your discretion and good

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judgment; I do not doubt your capacity to handle men and to see that proper legislation is enacted and that proper officials are elected to office to give us protection. My associates here with me, I am satisfied, agree with me fully in this expression of my confidence in you; we have not summoned you here to admonish you nor to abuse you; we have not summoned you here to deliver any unpleasant remarks to you, but we have summoned you here, gentlemen, to let you know the real condition of things, and to let you know what is needed to be done. It is unnecessary for me to state to you that a great many bills have been filed in the Courts of Equity in the various states against our institutions, charging that we are destroying competition in trade and that we are creating a monopoly; and if these bills are to be enforced by the courts, then of course these institutions must dissolve, and as business institutions go out of business, and of course it is unnecessary for me to state that when they go out of business, that we will no longer need your services and you will have to look elsewhere for employment. It is unnecessary for me to state

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to you that a great many of the Legislatures of the various states are trying to pass what they call anti-trust laws, which strike at the very heart of our business, and if these bills become laws and are enforced by the courts it means that these business institutions, as corporations, must dissolve. It is unnecessary for me to state to you that even the National Government at Washington is attempting to interfere with our business; that Congress is tampering with what they call another and a stronger anti-trust bill. You gentlemen know these facts, for it is your business to know them—that is what we pay you for—that is what you get our money for; we have selected you on account of your good judgment, on account of your tact and your ability to manage men, and to create and defeat legislation; and there has never been a time when you gentlemen informed us that you needed more money to carry out political and legislative policies that were for the interest of our business, that we did not willingly respond. In states where the two political parties are about evenly divided, these institutions, acting in concert, have always selected about an

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even number of you gentlemen here from each of the great parties. In the states where the Republican party controls, of course we have selected representatives from the Republican party; in the states where the Democratic party controls, we have selected representatives from the Democratic party; and when you gentlemen who represent these states where the Republican party controls, have called on us for funds for the campaign, we have always responded; and when you gentlemen who represent us in the states where the Democratic party controls, have called on us for funds for the campaign, we have always responded; and in those states where the two great parties are about evenly divided, we have contributed liberally to both parties through you gentlemen. Of course you gentlemen understand that we, as business men, have no politics—that our politics is the money that we can make out of our business, and we have selected you in the manner named because it was for our business interest to do so; and in those states where the two great parties are about evenly divided, of course we have ex-

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pected you gentlemen who are Democrats to control all Democratic legislation, and you gentlemen who are Republicans to control Republican legislation; but notwithstanding all of this, gentlemen, and notwithstanding all the funds that we have placed at your disposal to control the politics of the great political parties—of the legislation of the country, our business is being threatened and is in danger—these infernal yellow journal newspapers and damned demagogues are stirring up agitation until public sentiment is being aroused against us and our business, and we have summoned you here to exchange opinions and views with you as to what is for the best and to devise plans and ways and means for the future so as to crush out this agitation; and we are now ready to hear from you gentlemen; we want every one to be free with his opinion—and let's have a full and free expression."

At this point, Judge John Horton of Georgia, Advisory Counsel of the Great South-eastern & Southwestern Ry. Co., arose. Judge Horton stood some six feet one inch, weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds, was

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clean-shaven, had a smiling and agreeable expression that played over his face, with a twinkle in his eye that would catch his worst enemy and make him his bosom friend, a handshake that would take hold of the soul of his bitterest foe.

“Mr. Chairman,” said Judge Horton, “of course you know I am from a Democratic state—the Democratic party absolutely controls Georgia and that section of the Union; and as our system extends its trunk lines throughout the Atlantic States and practically controls the transportation of that section, and therefore the policy which we have pursued in controlling the political situation and legislation in that section, as a matter of course, has been largely influenced by our system, and I deem it not out of place here to make some suggestion as to the methods that we have pursued. First, we make it a rule never to offend the local politician. Don’t care how ignorant or how insignificant he is, if he can get the nomination for the Legislature or some other office, he deems himself a man of great importance, and we of course

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make him believe that we think he is a man of importance.

“The best way that I have found, Mr. Chairman, is to commence in time—I keep in touch in my state with the aspirations of all of the local politicians, and when the Democratic primaries are coming on, I endeavor to ascertain who will probably be the strongest man in the various counties, who has aspirations to go to the Legislature, and after I ascertain the one who is probably going to be nominated, I set out to make his acquaintance; very probably I make a trip through his county and make it a point to meet him and get in touch with him, and I generally leave him with the impression that he has made quite an impression upon me and that a strong affinity naturally exists between us, and therefore, friendship, and on my return home I write him a nice letter on this order:

“ ‘Hon. John Jones, Hicksboro, Ga.

“ ‘My dear Mr. Jones: It is unnecessary for me to say that I appreciate having made your acquaintance while in your town some days ago—friendship is a rare thing in life,

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and the thing above all things to be appreciated. It is unnecessary for me to say that in the future I shall count it a special privilege to number you among my real friends. The next time that you are in my town, do not stop at the hotel but do me the honor to be my guest at my home. I will be delighted to have you in my home, and to have you know my family.

“ ‘I wish in some way to let you feel my friendship for you, and since leaving you the other day, I have decided to send you an annual pass for you and your good wife, which I hope you can use in a trip to the “Springs.” Always, with many good wishes, I am,

“ ‘Your friend,

“ ‘JOHN HORTON.’

“Of course he is flattered by a letter of this kind and the pass. First, he thinks it is real friendship, and second, he feels his importance and it flatters his vanity for him and his wife to be able to ride on passes when his neighbors have to pay their fare.

“When he is elected to the Legislature and I meet him in Atlanta, all I have to do is to

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renew my friendship—he is one of my old friends. And of course when I appeal to him not to vote for this measure because it is a fanatical measure supported by a parcel of cranks and he is a man of too much sense to support it, why I have no trouble in controlling him.

“Now, Mr. Chairman, as to litigation;—and you know we kill and cripple a great many men,—the railroads in this country kill more people annually than were killed in the same length of time in the Confederate army; and kill and cripple more people annually than the entire Confederate army was ever able to muster at one time. You see we have got to work these men to run our business, and of course we have got to cripple and kill them, and if we had to pay the real legal liabilities, it would take thousands of dollars—in fact we could not pay dividends on that part of our stock which is commonly termed ‘watered,’ so we have a thoroughly organized system;—as soon as there is a wreck, we start our wrecking train with our physicians on it;—of course they understand their business—they know for what purpose we send them;—

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they get to the patient first; and as a rule these patients are unskilled;—a great many of them are illiterate, untrained and untutored in law suits, and they think we send our physicians because we want to administer medical aid to them, but of course our purpose is to keep physicians, who are not employed by us, away and have the injured treated by our own physicians who can take care of us on the witness stand as to the injuries; and then, too, we generally try to control the hospitals in the various cities where these patients are carried, and see that no physician gets on the staff unless he is friendly disposed toward us and rides on our passes; and furthermore, as soon as these accidents happen, we send out our detectives and our evidence men who understand what is necessary to make a defense, and men, Mr. Chairman, who are trained in the business. And while they are carrying the dead and the wounded to their homes, why these men get sworn statements and the proper evidence to make an absolute defense. You see when these accidents happen, there are always a great many negroes and illiterate white people around, and

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then, too, there are a great many people who, by treating them right, you can get to make statements that will cover the point that you want. Our men understand this—they get all the statements they can from the negro and the irresponsible white man, and then if there happens to be a white man of a good deal of intelligence who doesn't wish to sign an affidavit just as our men draw it, why, they treat him nicely and extend him a good many courtesies, and then send him an annual pass, and by the time the trial comes on, they generally have a statement from him that is sufficient to win the case. In fact, if the man is killed, by the time his widow gets through with the funeral, our men have the evidence by which we can win the case; if he is crippled, by the time he is able to get out and about, they are prepared to defeat him in the Court House. So, down with us, Mr. Chairman, we have controlled the legal situation very well. We generally defeat such legislation as we don't want, and have such passed as we want, and we don't pay over 10 per cent of our actual legal liabilities in litigation. Let me illustrate by calling your attention to an actual circum-

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stance. Our road ran across an old creek down in our section, called Clamp Creek. The old bridge across it was rotten and worn out, and the foundation was rotten and decayed, and we had been filling in the washouts under it for some years instead of erecting a new bridge across the place, and there came a rain one night and the creek arose considerably and the old bridge was washed away and the passenger train came along and ran into the creek and killed and crippled some fifty or one hundred people,—and of course we were absolutely liable, and some of the men who were killed were high salaried men and whose lives were worth considerable money. To pay for all the men we killed and crippled would have taken several hundred thousand dollars. Well, it taxed our wits to devise some means of defense. Finally we fell on to the only possible and conceivable defense we could make,—that the rain was such a storm as never could have been expected and that the bridge was absolutely sound and perfect in every way, and that the storm was such that the whole stream was backed up for miles and the railroad embankment and track consti-

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tuted a dam and that it was an absolute impossibility for the water to pass under the bridge and therefore it was washed away. And we got our civil engineers and our experts, high class men, men to whom we were paying high salaries, and we went before the jury with that defense,—and you know we made that jury believe that it was Providential, and won out on it. You see it is this way, Mr. Chairman—the average juror thinks he is prejudiced against corporations and railways, but we employ such skilled men to prepare our defenses that the evidence all fits into each other with such plausibility, that we, with good taste, can tell the jury that all we want is justice; and you see the juror don't know that we make the same defense in every case where it happens under similar circumstances and conditions. Mr. Juror says to himself: "While I believe in giving the individual a fair deal, in this case there is no legal liability." He doesn't know that every other case that other jurors have had to pass on, has had the same defense when the accident happened under similar conditions.—That is the way we run our business in our

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section, Mr. Chairman. These are my views and I would like to hear from some other gentlemen present."

Judge Johnson, a prominent lawyer of Boston, Republican in politics, possessing the discerning powers of the Puritan school, cold and deliberate, and who possessed the power of appealing to men on the "will it pay?" principle, then arose. "Mr. Chairman, I fully agree with everything that Judge Horton of Georgia has said. We run the business in New England a good deal like he says it is done in the South, but of course there is this exception—there are two political parties in Massachusetts, and the Democratic party is somewhat a factor in the other New England States. However, the Republican party, as a rule, controls in New England. We therefore select our leading "special agents," and "general agents" and "advisory counsels" from the Republican party, but we also have "agents" from the Democratic party; and of course it is the business of these "agents" from the Republican party to control the Republican politicians, the Republican platforms and the policies of the Republican party; and

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the men whom we select from the Democratic party are to control the policies and the politicians and the platforms of the Democratic party; and in either event you see we are reasonably safe.

“There is one thing, Mr. Chairman, that the gentleman from Georgia has overlooked—of course it is more familiar to us of New England; namely, a high protective tariff. We all know that a high tariff is absolutely necessary for the existence of the institutions which we here represent. You cannot have a combination of business interests and coöperation in business affairs which will control the prices of the producer and the prices of the consumer, unless these combinations and co-operations are protected. You wipe out the high protection, and these institutions which we represent here would disintegrate and go to pieces. We would be compelled, Mr. Chairman, to dissolve and go out of business. The tobacco combination could not exist without protection, the sugar combination could not exist without protection, the corn and wheat combination could not exist without protection—in fact none of these institutions which

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we represent could exist without protection in some manner. You have got to have legislation, Mr. Chairman, that will enable us to exist—call it class legislation, call it high protective tariff or call it what you please—we must control the legislation of this country if we intend to remain in business. If you wipe out the protective tariff, every little sugar manufacturer in the country will be in business, every little tobacco manufacturer will be in business, and every other small producer in every other line of business, and thus the laws of supply and demand and competition will regulate and fix the prices and we will be compelled to go out of business. The fact of the business is this; you take the tobacco interest here represented, when that company was organized it did not have paid up in real assets over 25 per cent of the stock that it issued—in other words three-fourths of the stock issued was what they termed ‘watered,’ and the only asset that it really had in point of fact, was the good will of the business. Upon the good will of the business, 75 per cent of the stock was issued; yet these institutions must pay dividends on

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its stock—that is, it must pay dividends on 75 per cent of its stock on which it possesses no assets—to do this, it is unnecessary to state that it must reduce the price on the raw material that it purchases from the producers and raise the price of the manufactured material that it sells to the consumers. The same thing is true as to the wheat and corn combine and as to the sugar combine and all the rest of these combines. You take the railroad interest here represented;—of course the builders and constructors of these roads didn't put any money in them—they got concessions from the government in the way of public lands and other valuable properties,—donations from the states, counties, cities and towns; and these donations constituted their real assets; then they issued stock and bonds for about ten times the value of these assets, the only other asset being the good will and the further consideration of what the value of the franchises would be in the future when the section through which these lines run would be more thickly populated and better developed. Now for these institutions to pay dividends on their stock and interest on their

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bonds, of course they must be permitted by law to make these charges or they would be compelled to go into the hands of a receiver; —in other words, if you only permit them to charge a freight tariff in proportion to the real money they have invested in these institutions, they could not exist. You may talk about the rights of the people all you want to —a government for the people and by the people and of the people, but in the final analysis we must have class legislation to protect these institutions. This talk about Democracy and a government of the people, for the people and by the people is all stuff. The few and money have run the governments since the beginning of mankind. Class rule has dominated in monarchy and republics alike, and the rule is not going to be changed now—things will go on as they have always gone on and the business institutions here represented have the money to dominate the politics of the country, to rule and control all the political parties, to employ the best brains that the country produces, and I tell you, money and brains will do anything, and the masses will go on doing as

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they have always done, working and creating wealth to be collected by the few. Of course they could run the government and break up our way of doing business if they would stand together, but they will not unite on any proposition, they are always divided and fighting among themselves; and with a sufficient amount of money properly spent and directed, you can buy them any time; you can send leaders into their camps and create division and disorganize them—the fact of the business is that they are not a unit on anything, never have been and never will be, so I do not apprehend any danger for our institutions; we will go on changing the protective tariff to suit our needs; fixing our transportation rates to meet our wants, fixing the price of sugar, corn, wheat, tobacco, cotton and everything that the producer has to sell and everything that the consumer wants, as we are now doing. The law of supply and demand and competition will do for the politician to advocate when he is running for office, but after he gets into office we will take charge of him as we have been doing and everything will go on in its usual way.

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“Of course, as to the matter of litigation and defending of suits and controlling the legal situation in the various states, we pursue the same practice of which Judge Horton has spoken. That is all I have to say, Mr. Chairman. I will be pleased to have the views of any of the other gentlemen.”

Mr. Slogan then arose and said: “The Chair would like to hear from some of the rest of you gentlemen,—that is what you are here for—is to give us your views and tell us how you run our interest in your sections and to devise ways to break up this agitation.”

Then Mr. Morris of the Chicago Bar, a leading lawyer and politician of his city and “advisory counsel” in his state for The International Sugar Trust, The International Oil Co. and The American & Pacific Railway Co., arose. Mr. Morris was stoutly and heavily built and a man of strong character, with an intelligent face,—and all over that face was written design and purpose and ability to scheme and plan; his very nature possessed the chief characteristics of adapting himself to every occasion, and to the wills and wishes of men. That he could control men no one

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would doubt, and for that reason the great corporations of the Middle West had always selected him to control their political interests in that section. With a calm and deliberate voice, he said: "Mr. Chairman, I fully agree with everything that has been said here;—we all understand what our purposes are, and what these gentlemen have stated is simply what we are doing in every section of the country;—I don't suppose there is a gentleman present who has been disloyal to his client;—I cannot believe that the executive committees of these various institutions who select the gentlemen to control the political interests in the various sections of the country, would make a mistake;—it is to be presumed that they have selected good and faithful men, men of sufficient intelligence to control the situation in their respective sections. The gentleman from Boston, who has just spoken, knows the sentiment of New England better than I do; the gentleman from Georgia knows the sentiment of the South better than I do; and it is to be presumed that I know the sentiment of the people of the West better than they do; and what is true in

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my case is true as to all of the gentlemen present; they know the sentiments and the prejudices, the environment and the condition of the people in their respective sections, I doubt not, and the best way, in my opinion, is to select strong, discreet men—men who know their business—and leave the interests of these institutions in the respective sections in their hands. Of course we understand that there is a coöperative system among us. If the Northeastern & New England Ry. Co. should have interest in Illinois which was being jeopardized by legislation or otherwise, the clients that I represent in that state would rally their political influence to the rescue of that New England institution, and if the interest of any of the clients that I represent was at jeopardy in Georgia by legislation of that state, of course Judge Horton would have his client's machinery to come to our rescue, and so on, Mr. Chairman. You see by this systematic coöperation and perfect organization that we have, it is absolutely impossible for the ignorant masses to oust us from our position and the control of the government. These demagogues may agitate and these yel-

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low journals may continue their sensational editorials, but we will go on controlling the political situation and the government. Congress cannot pass any measure that we oppose. Suppose a young congressman should be too persistent in anti-trust legislation or in other legislation that interfered with our interests, could we not turn our batteries on him in his district and defeat him in the next election? Of course we could, be he Democrat or Republican. What is true as to the electing of congressmen is true as to the electing of legislators in the various states, and all the politicians, and while they may go out and talk to the people about the rights of the people and about controlling the railroads and the corporations and the trusts, and while they may agitate, yet they know it will not do to oppose us in earnest and in fact. They know that we can kill any man politically in this country that we wish to, and we will do it if it becomes necessary to protect our interests; they know that there is an absolute understanding between all the corporate and business interests of this country and that we are going to stand together. Only one other thing, Mr. Chair-

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man, that I wish to suggest, and that is this, that we continue our efforts to place more power in the Federal Government. As a lawyer, I am fully aware of the fact, that the more the government is centralized, the better it is for us, that with a strong centralized government, we can crush out the agitation in all of the states, we can declare the laws of the states unconstitutional that are detrimental to us; we can use the power of the National Government to crush out labor organizations and to suppress agitation; we can use the strong arm of the army of the National Government to protect what is in law our property rights, after we have once secured these rights regardless of whether we have equity or morals on our side. You see, sometimes when these clashes come, we can't discuss what is right or what is equity—but might makes right. And with all of these labor organizations and with all of this agitation, we want to continue to centralize as much power in the National Government as possible, for therein lies our safety. Give us a strong National Government, with a judiciary that believes in a strong National Government, with a strong

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standing army, and I have no apprehension or fear about our rights—we will go on doing business as we have done, and the disorganized masses may grumble and complain and the agitator may agitate and the yellow journal editor may write his sensational editorials, but they will all be of no effect.”

Judge Horton of Georgia, rising, politely and with a kindly smile upon his face, broke into Mr. Morris’ dissertation at this point. “Pardon me, Mr. Morris,” said Judge Horton, “I just wish to say that you are eminently correct in your position; I haven’t any doubt that our protection and our safety lie in a strong centralized government,—let me give you an actual illustration—down in Georgia we have had a freight rate fight on for some time. The Railroad Commission of that state undertook to tell us what we should charge for transportation and how we should fix our tariff rates. The agitator and demagogue down there kept stirring the question until they worked up public sentiment, so the Railroad Commission finally issued their orders and circulars reforming our rates to suit their opinions, and of course we didn’t intend to be

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dictated to by any railroad commission, so we at once went into the Federal Courts and enjoined the Railroad Commissioners and the state authorities from enforcing the orders of the commission. There were a great many lawyers down there after notoriety and prominence, who, thinking it was a popular thing, volunteered to serve the dear people without money and without charge; their patriotism rose to the high water mark all at once; but we marshaled all our talent—we had our “General Counsels” and “Division Counsels” of the various railroads of that section. Col. John Faxter of Nashville, Chief Counsel for the Louisville, Memphis & Nashville system, led the fight. Of course absolute harmony prevailed as to our interests, for what affected the roads that I represent, affected the roads that the others represented, and what affected Col. Faxter’s road affected my road. We consulted;—we took advantage of every legal technicality. We planted ourselves broadly upon the proposition that the orders of the State Railroad Commission of Georgia were in violation and in conflict with the inter-state rates and interfered with the Inter-State Com-

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merce Act, and therefore null and void; we hung them up in the Federal Courts, and we gave out an interview that, even if the lower courts didn't sustain our position, we would take it to the Court of Appeals and then to the Supreme Court, and it would take two years to go through this system of litigation and through the technicalities of the law;—all this time you see we would have had the state authorities in Georgia absolutely paralyzed, and the orders of the State Railroad Commission would have been of no effect, and at the final hearing, if our position should have been sustained, the constituted authorities of the state of Georgia would have been at our mercy. You see this intimidated them; they were afraid of the final results—they were afraid that when the fight was over, we would have the constituted authorities of the state of Georgia at our mercy, and that the lawful acts of that state would no longer interfere with any rates that we might fix or charge—in fact Col. Faxter gave out an interview that the state of Georgia and the constituted authorities might as well take notice that his road and all other transportation com-

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panies proposed to plant themselves under the palladium of the Federal Government and the Constitution of the United States and bid defiance to the state authorities—in fact in the interview he told them that we were not concerned as to what the state authorities of Georgia did, or as to what the Railroad Commission of that state did—that there was a higher authority under which we would take refuge; and you know, sir, that we absolutely ran them out of Court—they even dismissed their own case, revoked the orders of the State Railroad Commission without our promising them anything, signing any agreement or doing anything, except that Col. Faxter said in an unsigned interview, that the authorities who owned and controlled the entire railroad system south of the Ohio River extending to the Atlantic coast, were in consultation in New York City and that he would submit the matter to them, and if it met their pleasure, probably some changes would be made, but wished them to distinctly understand that he would not promise them anything—that the entire matter would have to be left with the authorities that controlled the railroad sys-

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tems of that section;—in other words, we gave them to understand that if they petitioned us and came with a spirit of begging rather than telling us what to do, we would consider the matter; otherwise we would not. Now, you see if it had not been for the Interstate Commerce Act and inter-state rates and the National Railroad Commission and a strong centralized government, we would have been compelled to submit to the constituted authorities in the state of Georgia and every other state in that section; but as it is, we have them absolutely at our mercy, and they may create all the railroad commissions they want, pass all the acts they want and agitate all they want to and howl all they want to in these states south of the Ohio River and extending to the Atlantic coast, yet the railroad systems in that section will go on doing business—fixing and charging such rates as they wish; and I presume what is true in the South Atlantic section, is true in all the sections of the country.” “That is correct,” went up from a hundred voices. “That is exactly the way we do it in our territory,” went up from all. “Precisely,” said Mr. Morris; then con-

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tinuing, he said, "One other point, Mr. Chairman, and I am through. When the various state committees begin to meet, let our representatives be on hand and see that no unfavorable platforms are adopted, and that no candidates, whatever their pretensions may be, who are really antagonistic to us, are nominated. We are looking after the matter in all of the political parties out in Illinois and the west, and the gentlemen present will do likewise on the Pacific coast and in the south and in New England. Now, Mr. Chairman, I see no need of prolonging this meeting—we understand each other—let us adjourn this meeting and go to our homes and take matters in charge and run them—that is better than all of this discussion—we understand each other—we understand our plans and our cooperation and our methods and the only thing to do is to act, act."

When Mr. Morris had concluded his remarks, it was apparent to all that his bulldog tenacity, his firm and sledge-hammer way of saying things, had had their effect upon the lieutenants present, and even Pont Slogan was impressed—so much that Mr. Slogan

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arose and said, "Gentlemen, Mr. Morris has hit the key note—there is no use in continuing this discussion—I think we have made our plans plain to you—you know what we want, and the thing to do, as Mr. Morris says, is to act—to act. I am more interested in these enterprises than any man here—my banking house carries their bonds and their stock and finances their deals, and I have got a right to be heard and my wishes have a right to be respected, and I know if the laws of competition and supply and demand that these agitators are trying to stir up the people on, should be put into action, it would break every one of these institutions and me too. These institutions can't do business and let the laws of supply and demand rule in this country. Now what I want you to do is to go to your homes in your respective sections and to act—to act,—do you hear me—do you understand me? I want you to see that no man is elected to office who will legislate against our interests—I want you to see that no platform is written by any political party that is against our interests. I want you to use the free pass system and every other means to

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control the political situation and the legislation of the country. If you need funds you let your respective clients know it—money is no object with us when we are getting value received. We are going to continue our business, we are going to execute our plans, we are going to control the prices in this country, we are going to say what we shall pay for what we purchase from the producer and what we are going to get for the products when we sell them to the consumer, we are not going to be dictated to by laws passed by scheming politicians nor sentiment created by agitators, nor by demands made by organized mobs and anarchists. The business interests of this country are going to control it, and the quicker these damn mobs and anarchists, yellow journal papers and the ignorant masses find it out the better it will be for them. I am going to adjourn this meeting now—go to your homes and take charge of the situation, and the business interests of the country will continue.”

“One point further before we adjourn,” said Mr. Henry Smith of St. Louis, and “Advisory Counsel” in that section for the Great American and Pacific Railway Co. “I wish to

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make this suggestion, gentlemen: Out with us when some young fellow arises and wants to clarify the air politically and wants to reform the politics of the state and in our section, the way we destroy his influence is this—we send out our lieutenants and have them begin to discuss him as a ‘demagogue’ and ‘agitator;’ and you see our company and similar institutions always own a good deal of stock in the various newspapers, and those we don’t own any stock in we generally place under obligations to us by giving them free passes and a good deal of advertising; and by these and other means we control a large proportion of the press of the country; and we have these papers that we control term these fellows ‘reformers’ and ‘agitators’ and ‘demagogues’ and place a kind of an odium on them and poison public sentiment against them and ridicule them, and by this means, organization can soon destroy the individual and have the people he is trying to serve look upon him with contempt. Of course he soon sees that he is fighting a losing fight and becomes disgusted and gives up, and if he doesn’t give up, of course we simply

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destroy him if we see he is a man of force and likely to stir up public sentiment; and other ambitious men, seeing what we have done to these reformers, are afraid to undertake reforms, and by this means we keep down agitation and destroy the influence of those who undertake to create reforms. I tell you, the free pass system is something powerful—you can control the little politician with it—and the average country newspaper editor, and of course we take stock in the large daily papers in order to control them—in fact, we have got it, out in our section, in the middle west, so that we make it warm for any fellow that goes to agitating and we simply destroy him—it is either quit or go out of business, and very few men are willing to pay the price of being a reformer under these conditions.” “Precisely—that is the way we do it in our section,” went up from a hundred voices. Even Pont Slogan himself grunted out, “That’s the way to do it.” And Henry Smith resumed his seat.

After the meeting was over and the Advisory Counsels and Special Agents and General Agents had filed out of the building to

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go to their respective hotels, Pont Slogan and his associates held a short executive session. Mr. Slogan, of course, presided as usual. With his usual abrupt manner, he said, "Gentlemen, I have kept you here just for a few minutes only. I have studied the character of these men who are looking after our interests in all sections of the country, that we have had assembled here. I tell you they are strong and shrewd men—they have been well selected—they know their business—they know how to handle men—they know how to poison public sentiment against reformers—they know how to break the fellow financially if he is in business and attempts to oppose us—they know how to destroy the ambitions of rising politicians who may oppose us; and we need not have any fears. I think the thing for us to do is to go right on in business, fixing rates of transportation and fixing our prices, saying what we will pay for the product of the producer and naming the price that the consumer shall pay. I don't think we need to fear any agitation or any reforms, and I don't think we will ever be bothered with the laws of supply and demand and competition, and

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unless the laws of supply and demand and competition prevail, the independent dealer cannot exist, and we cannot have any competition, and therefore can control prices both for the producer and the consumer, and with our systematic organization, with absolute harmony existing between the great transportation companies of the country and the manufacturing combinations of the country, the wheat and corn combinations of the country, the cotton combination, the tobacco combination—in fact, a combination that controls the price of everything that is produced and everything that is consumed and fixes the charges of transporting it from producer to the consumer—we need have no fears—the individual citizen or the individual dealer cannot do anything,—he is at our mercy, and with our combined capital and our systematic organization, we can control the law-making powers of the government—in fact the government itself. And so, I am satisfied, gentlemen, the thing for us to do is to go right along in our business as we have been doing; keep our plans perfect, organization systematic, let harmony prevail, and we

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will be safe.” “That is right,” went up from a dozen voices. “With that understanding, then, gentlemen, I am going to adjourn this meeting, and let us go to our respective places of business and act in a spirit that will be in keeping with this meeting.

Then the “Captains of Finance” arose, shaking hands with each other. “This has been a good meeting” they said to each other — “I tell you the business interests of this country are safe, and when we get together we can do what we please,” and down the elevators they filed, each smiling and thinking of the dollars, the dollars, the dollars the future days would bring into their coffers.

CHAPTER XIV

THE OTHER SIDE

WHILE the "Captains of Finance" and their lieutenants were in session in Wall Street, there was another meeting in session way down on the "Bowery," in the Socialist Hall. The summons to attend this meeting was not a quiet notice as was the case in Wall Street. But all day the flag had waved from the window of the hall, floating out over the street—"Socialist Meeting Here Tonight. Let All Patriots Come. The People Must Demand Their Rights"—printed upon the banner. The meeting on Wall Street was without display or noise—it was the quiet calm movement of the organized few that always creates class legislation and special privileges and thereby robs the masses of what they produce—it was the movement of the organized few who have created a commercial nobility in this the twentieth century,

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just as the organized few created the legal caste and the nobility and the royalty and landed aristocracy in the centuries past. The men who met in Wall Street went about it in the same old way that the organized few and the privileged classes have always done through the centuries, when they wish to convert the functions of government to private ends and thereby rob and plunder the masses—quietly, systematically and designingly. And the men who met in the Socialist Hall on the “Bowery” went about it in the same old way that the masses have done through the centuries, when the galling yoke of oppression has become more than they could bear—without organization or mutual understanding, without design or plans, but with noise and glamour, giving notice to the rest of the world of what their purposes were and what they intended to do.

As the hour for the meeting approached, the men of toil began to come from every section of the east side, some could speak the English language, some the Italian, some the French, some the German, some the Polish—every language under the sun seemed to be

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represented there. It was a mixing and "confusion of tongues" as at the Tower of Babel; every fellow was doing his best to make the other fellow understand him, they felt that something was wrong with the world and that that wrong should be righted—just what was wrong they could not tell,—just where the mistake was they did not know,—they had not fixed their plans as to how the existing wrongs should be corrected—just how and when things should be corrected they did not know,—there was only one thing in the world that they were a unit on, and that was that the world was all going wrong; that the whole world was working out of harmony with the common laws of justice and of right was agreed upon by all; they had no doubt as to the fact that the rich were robbing the poor; that the toiling millions who create the wealth did not receive their equitable proportion thereof was an established fact in their minds. They were satisfied that the powers of the government were converted from proper governmental functions to private ends to collect unearned wealth for the few—they were satisfied beyond doubt or question that organized

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and combined wealth controlled legislation and the functions of the government to plunder the toiling masses who produce the wealth of the land;—they were satisfied beyond doubt that the poor and the wealth producer did not get a fair deal anywhere in life's battle; that even organized wealth and the almighty dollar invaded and influenced the legislative halls, the Temples of Justice, and even the Temples consecrated to the worship of the living God. They were satisfied and a unit on the fact that abstract justice had never ruled absolutely and perfectly among men; that absolute justice in organized society, as it had existed through the centuries, had only existed in theory; they were absolutely satisfied of the fact that these wrongs existed, and that in the commercial civilization of the day organized and combined wealth was all powerful with the government, and the sovereign states and organized society lay prostrate and helpless before the dragon of its power. They were a unit on all of these facts, but they had no organized plan to correct these wrongs,—they had no system by which to work out a better condition—they

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had no cohesive organization—they had no unit of action—they stood as the masses have stood in the centuries past when plutocracy, royalty, nobility, legal caste, privileged classism and the priesthood have plundered the masses,—divided among themselves, helpless to correct their own conditions for the want of organization and unity of action.

The large hall soon became packed with these earnest men, conscious of their wrongs, yet helpless in their efforts to better their conditions—men who had families;—men who had wives and children whom they loved—whose humble firesides and poorly clad wives and children were as sacred to them as the brown stone fronts were to the “Captains of Finance” who met on Wall Street. The hall was filled with these men whose motives have always been questioned—whose purposes have always been slandered—whose actions have always been denounced;—the hall was filled with these men who have always been denounced by the press of organized capital and greed, as anarchists, law breakers and criminals. It was filled with men against whom public opinion has always been poi-

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soned by organized capital and a plutocratic press; yet as you looked upon these faces assembled in their common meeting place, you could not but be convinced that there was a beating, pulsating meaning back of their actions; they carried the faces of men who were conscious that the world was dealing unfairly with them, that fate had not given them a fair deal in Life's race, that the odds had been against them on every issue and at every point.

As Mr. Jacob Elstein, the chairman of the meeting, ascended the platform to call the meeting to order, you could see earnestness in his face; and as Lepo Tolelli, the secretary, called the roll, the voices of the men who answered to their names had the ring of men who were conscious that the existing conditions were the conditions placed upon them by humanity and not by the Creator. After the roll was called and the usual business was transacted, the meeting was thrown open for public discussion.

"De chair is now waiting to hear from any of de brethren present. Our purpose is to get relief," said the Chair; "we know that we are

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wronged—we know dat de poor man has got no show in his country under existing conditions—we know dat de toiling masses who create de wealth are getting poorer, and de organized classes who do not produce anything are getting richer;—we know, brethren, dat dere is something wrong and dat things must be changed if we ever hope to get any relief. De chair is now ready to hear from any of de brethren present.”

At this point Alex Bloomfield arose, heavy built, chuffy and chunky. He had a face of determination—a face that had gone through hardships,—hands that had gone through labor and toil. “Mr. Chairman, of course we know we are wronged,—we know that we create the wealth of this country,—we know that the workingman has created the wealth of every country, and we know that the few, the classes, have robbed the masses of what they have produced. We know that in this country the masses are becoming industrial slaves for the organized commercial aristocracy; we know that we are becoming in all essentials, slaves—as much so as the serfs in the Roman Empire; we know that

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we belong to the commercial aristocracy of this republic—just as much so as did the serfs to the legal caste and aristocracy of the Roman Empire; we know that these unjust conditions and these wrongs produced the disease and decay that caused the downfall of that country; and we know that if these wrongs continue to exist and develop in this country they will finally disease our body politic and set up a decay that will destroy this republic. We know that the industrial masses of this republic are laboring under the same injustice and the same wrongs that the serfs of the middle ages did under the feudal system.

“Our only hope, Mr. Chairman, is to educate the masses—is to read good literature. I read ‘The Appeal to Reason,’ I read ‘The Common Interest,’ I read ‘The Organized Commonwealth,’ I read ‘The Socialist;’ and while I work, I have read history, and I tell you that the only hope of our people is to read, and when they become educated so they can comprehend these questions, then we can place all of the public functions of organized society in the hands of the government, which

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represents organized society, and let the government make an equal distribution among its members of the accumulations of the public functions of organized society, and let the individual retain his individual earnings, then we will better our condition, and not until then. In other words, Mr. Chairman, when we get the masses educated to the extent that we can revoke the functions of organized society from the privileged classes and turn them over to the government, we will have made the first great effort in relieving the downtrodden and the oppressed millions. Let the people themselves become the government, and let the people control the government and not the government the people, then we will have real socialism—a common interest; then we will have equity in organized society; multi-millionaires and commercial plutocracy will cease; then we will cease to have tramps, soup houses and the pauperized masses; then we will have a state of society wherein everybody can have the necessities and comforts of life—sufficient food and sufficient raiment, without having either the pauper or the millionaire, and this state of

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organized society is based upon this truth, that no man in this lifetime can produce a million dollars by his own efforts, and therefore, if he is honest, and relies on honest methods, can never come into possession of a million dollars; and on the further truth, that any man who makes an honest effort, regardless of what his vocation is in life, he can create enough to feed and clothe himself, if he receives what he honestly creates; and under these conditions, wherever Socialism reigns, there can be no paupers, there can be no millionaires, for a common interest and common control will regulate the conditions of society to prevent the existence of millionaires," and then raising his hand to Heaven, with face burning with earnestness, he exclaimed, "Mr. Chairman and brethren, I am a Socialist of the true type—socialism that means protection to all of God's children—that means food for the hungry and starving and raiment for the shivering and the freezing. In God's name let us educate—let us educate; let us carry these truths home to our firesides—to our families and our children—they are the only hope to establish Christ's rule among

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men; the only hope to dethrone organized greed and a moneyed plutocracy, and to establish humane conditions for humanity.” (Great applause.) And with the perspiration running down his face and his whole nervous system jerking with excitement he resumed his seat.

Next in order was Elie Tollie. “Mr. Chairman, I have listened to de gentleman with interest; his socialism, in theory, may be beautiful, but in practice it will not accomplish what we want to do. I tell you, dere is only one way to dethrone de plutocrats dat are oppressing de masses, and dat is arms. We will have to do as de oppressed millions of de ages past have always had to do—resort to de sword and bloodshed. If history teaches us anything, it teaches us dis, dat when de organized few become intrenched behind class rule, whether it be a caste recognized by law or whether it be a royalty and a nobility or an organized financial plutocracy, when dis class rule is once established upon de masses and can control de government and organized society, dey continue to oppress, and oppress, and oppress, without con-

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science and without regard for human rights or de suffering and de sorrows of de oppressed, until de burdens become more dan de oppressed millions can bear, and dat revolution and bloodshed is de only thing dat brings relief to de masses. Dis has been de case in de ages past; it was de case in France; it has been de case in de countries of northern Europe; it has been de case in England; it was de case in de days of Greece and Rome; and it has been de case, Mr. Chairman, since de days of organized society among men; and history simply repeats itself, and to argue dat history will not repeat itself on dis continent and in dis republic, is to argue dat you do not know de history of de past, dat you do not know de pathway over which de human family have passed. I tell you dat de clash is coming, dat de issue is being made, dat de people of dis country are rapidly becoming divided into two distinct classes—de organized rich and de unorganized and pauperized masses. Dese conditions, if let alone, will work deir way to de final extremes, when all de wealth will be concentrated into de hands of de few, with an or-

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ganized, financial, plutocratic class, living in luxury and dissipation, controlling de government for deir own ends, and de unorganized and pauperized masses, toiling, working, and yet becoming poorer and poorer until hunger and necessity will compel dem, in order to exist, to fight; den you will have de real clash between de classes and de masses, a revolution, bloodshed and another 'reign of terror.' Dis very night, while we assemble here to discuss issues and problems dat concern our humble homes, our wives and our children, I venture to assert dat yonder in Wall Street are clans of de rich and plutocratic financiers, organizing, banding demselves together, devising ways and means to plunder de masses and to take from dem what dey create without giving anything in return. Dey are dere in cold blood, without passion of love for humanity, without regard for right or justice, designing and scheming to rob you and me, to rob every wealth producer in dis land. I tell you, Mr. Chairman, dey are as great enemies to society as de thief and de robber upon de public highway; —dey are criminals and I am in favor of

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treating dem as criminals. Bloodshed will be de end unless something is done. Let us commence now; let us protect our humble firesides, our wives and our children; let us defy dese plunderers of organized society, dese criminals judged by every law of man and law of God." And as he took his seat the applause went up from every side of the hall, hats waved, sticks pounded the floor, men yelled with the whoop of earnestness. That he touched the chord of response was evident everywhere, and as the chairman adjourned the meeting everybody present felt that they could march in solid phalanx against the common enemy of their homes, their wives and their children.

The non-partisan observer, standing in the side passage that led into the great hall, looking into the faces of these men, was conscious of the fact that while in some things they were in error, yet the truth existed somewhere that should give them the righteous and just relief for which they were contending.

CHAPTER XV

THE REAL TRUTH

ON the same night that the "Captains of Finance" and their lieutenants were in session on Wall Street and the Socialists were holding forth on the "Bowery," there was another meeting held on West 23d Street;—it was the meeting of "The Independent Civic League." The men who met there were not grasping after dollars, nor were they there for the purpose of destroying the Government;—they were there for the purpose of construction rather than destruction; they were there to apply the best possible remedies to existing wrongs; to study and to solve if possible the issue that demands the consideration of the American people; they were men trained in the philosophy of right and justice when applied to organized society rather than the art of grasping for the dollars that other men had created; they

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were men who had purposes in life other than plundering organized society and grasping dollars while the orphan and the widow perished as a result of their actions.

The personnel of the The Independent Civic League differed materially from the men who met in the rear of Pont Slogan & Co.'s Banking House on Wall Street and from the men who met in the Socialist Hall on the "Bowery." The men who met in Wall street were dominated and ruled by the animal element of their nature,—no sympathy and love for the hungry, the perishing and the dying, the widow and the orphan entered their souls—if souls they had. The men who met in the Socialist Hall were ruled and controlled by passion,—they were not bad men at heart—they loved humanity, they wanted the wrongs, that they knew existed, corrected, but their passions and prejudices controlled them rather than their cool and deliberate judgment, and their cause was injured because they did not have judgment to make their efforts effective. The men who met in The Independent Civic League had both hearts and minds; they were students of causes and

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effects; loved humanity and studied its rights, and the relations of man to man, and man's duty to his fellow man. Of course the majority of them were baldheaded, long, lean and lanky and hungry-looking and wore glasses, and those who had any hair at all wore it long around their necks, for they were students, and every man in life carries the characteristics and environments of his vocation.

Dr. John Jenkins, the chairman, called the meeting to order and the Rev. Dr. Thos. Pitts, the secretary, called the roll of members, and after the usual details had received attention and all preliminaries had been attended to, the chairman announced that instead of an oral discussion, the organization would be favored with a paper on "The Relation of Organized Wealth to Organized Society" by Dr. Henry Davis, Professor of Sociology in The University of New York. "I have the pleasure," said the chairman, of introducing to you a distinguished scholar—a man whom you all know, and whose learning and scholarly attainments on the subject that he will discuss are known to all thinking men throughout this country and even in the Old

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World—a great scholar and a specialist in his line. I know the organization will be delighted to hear him. Dr. Davis, of The University of New York, will now address you.”

Dr. Davis arose, a tall, lean, hungry-looking man, and the dazzling electric lights glittered on his bald head, and when he adjusted his glasses he had the real look of the student—the look of the man who lives in books and thinks out principles; unfolding his manuscript, he began his discussion, quietly and deliberately. “I have selected the subject of ‘The Relation of Organized Wealth to Organized Society’ for my discourse before you this evening,” said he, “because it is the greatest question that confronts the American people for solution; it is a question that must be solved correctly, or our free institutions must, in the end, be destroyed. In my opinion, the greatest living menace to this republic today is the great combination of organized wealth. The history of civilization proves beyond doubt that in order for free institutions to exist, the laws of supply, demand and competition must prevail and govern in fixing the values of the producer and the consumer,

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and every individual of Organized Society is to have a fair deal in the marts of commerce. When these laws prevail, wealth has an equitable distribution among the members of Organized Society, and the entire body politic remains in a healthy condition—a condition that produces a people capable of self-government. When these natural laws are changed by men,—when the laws of supply, demand and competition are destroyed in order to create fictitious values and to destroy real values, the wealth produced by all of the members of Organized Society is unevenly and unjustly distributed, and you thereby have a class who secure special privileges from Organized Society at the expense of the rest of the members of the body politic. Such a condition creates a class rule, and as class rule increases in power, the rights and powers of the masses are decreased—under these conditions, laws and government simply become agents of the privileged few to oppress the many. Through all of the centuries, in governments where a legal caste has been recognized, the government has been used to oppress and rob the masses, and to

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support the privileged classes. Such was the condition in Greece and Rome and all of the ancient governments that have decayed. France suffered from the same disease, and it took revolution after revolution to rid her of the deadly poison—to purify the body politic. When the Normans conquered the Anglo-Saxons of the British Islands and set up a nobility and legal caste, the same deadly disease was generated into the body politic for centuries, and the great vitality of the Anglo-Saxon race has been the only thing that has saved organized society in the British Islands from complete decay. Through the centuries, the spirit of Anglo-Saxonism has fought and combated this deadly foe of organized society in England and has been unable to completely destroy it. Privileged classism reigns there now as the deadliest foe of the masses. Through the centuries, Anglo-Saxonism has struggled and contested for equality of all men in the body politic and against class rule and legal caste, in vain.

“We have no legal caste and privileged classes in this country, in a legal sense; our laws recognize no titled classes, no nobility.

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and no royalty, yet we have a privileged class in point of fact,—as much so as in the ancient governments. A privileged class is nothing more nor less than the few using the powers of government and constituted authorities to extort a support and livelihood out of the masses; it is the few taking from the many what belongs to the many without giving value received in return. Other governments have had their legal caste where this authority (not a right but a wrong) was recognized by law. In our government we have not the legal privileged class, but the commercial privileged class. The wrongs and the outrages that other governments have permitted to be perpetrated under the color of legal caste and privileged classism, we permit under color of commercial privileged classism,—in other words, the commercial-classism in our government takes the place of legal caste and classism in ancient and other governments, and in each and every case the results are the same—it is the few extorting from the masses what they create without giving anything in return. With us, we have ‘Uncrowned Kings of Finance,’ who by sys-

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tems and combinations have destroyed the laws of supply, demand and competition and thereby said to the producer what he shall take for what he produces, and to the consumer what he shall pay for what he consumes—a system which destroys every natural law and robs both producer and consumer—extorts the natural wealth of the body politic from the many and collects it into the hands of the few. In other governments they have had the legal caste, nobility and royalty, who by virtue of their legal caste extorted a living from the rest of the body politic. Their systems may have differed from our commercial privileged classism in color, but in point of fact they are the same and the effects are the same in both cases. Both are wrong in point of fact and principle, and in violation of every law of man and of God—in violation of every conception of right and of justice, in violation of every principle promulgated by God to man, and were devised by designing and unprincipled men to rob and plunder the many for the few.

“The offices and the functions of government are to keep the strong from oppressing

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the weak, to preserve law and order in Organized Society, to the end that justice and right shall prevail among men—that every man shall reap the fruits of his own labor; and when the functions of government are perverted to private interests and used to collect the wealth that the many create into the hands of the few, it is none the less robbery because it is done in the name and under the color of law. This has been the curse of civilization through the ages. In all of the governments of the ancients where class rule prevailed, privileged classism was a divine right,—the right of the few to live in luxury and dissipation out of the wealth extorted by the legal class from the masses received the Divine unction and was an authority that no oppressed yeoman dare to deny. To deny this Divine unction—this Holy authority of the privileged few, meant death to the oppressed peasant. What were the common people created for if not to support the privileged few and the legal caste? For what other purposes could the masses be used except to support the nobility and the royalty in luxury and dissipation? There could be but

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one answer to this question from the standpoint of the privileged classes: 'God created them for us and to work for us, and we created governments, kings and monarchs in order to rule and control them—in order to carry out God's purpose and hence "Divine rights of Kings." ' Such has been the way that governmental institutions have been prostituted through the ages by an unprincipled, thieving class who regard neither the rights of man nor the laws of God. They have oppressed, robbed and plundered the masses through the centuries until the yoke of oppression became so galling that the poor down-trodden peasants and serfs could not stand it any longer and exist, and as a reaction against these wrongs revolution after revolution marched through the centuries, murdering and slaughtering humanity everywhere in order to free the oppressed masses from the robbery of these thieves. Oh, the wrongs, the robbery, the plunder, the crimes that have been committed through the march of the centuries by the thieving criminal class under the name of law, government and God; oh, the governments that this privileged and

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criminal class have overthrown by their oppression in the name of law; oh, the thefts that they have committed in the name and by the authority of government; oh, the crimes and murders that they have committed in the name of God. As we roll back the canvas of the centuries and behold these crimes, these crimes—these crimes against man and against God, the great pulsating, bleeding heart of a righteous humanity everywhere cries out from its innermost soul, ‘Free, oh, free, deliver, oh, deliver the human family from these thieves and criminals—these arch enemies of the human race.’ As a result of the protest through the centuries against these wrongs which the Anglo-Saxon race has made and the final evolution of the original conception of government by this great race, this American Republic has been created and legal caste and nobility and royalty have been destroyed on this side of the Atlantic. We have left these wrongs, which are recognized by law, on the other side of the waters, but we have wrongs here in this republic which is the final evolution and consummation of the Anglo-Saxon theory of government, that are not recognized

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by law, and under our system are intended to be prohibited and punished by law; wrongs that exist in defiance of law. Law and government should rest on basic principles of justice; law and government should know no class. All should be equal parties before the law of the land; law should protect the weak and prevent the strong from oppressing the weak; law should protect the rights of the poor as well as the rich; law should require all rich and poor to respect its judgments; law should punish the strong as well as the weak—the rich as well as the poor—when its decrees and judgments are violated. Governments should have no favorites. All should be required to submit to its authority; yet in this republic there is a commercial plutocracy that respects neither the authority of the government nor the judgment of the courts. This plutocracy has prostituted the functions of the government to its own private ends, until the few who constitute its class have become more powerful than the government,—they possess more wealth than the government—more wealth than the eighty millions who constitute the body politic. They own and control all

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the public utilities of the government and thereby levy tribute on every citizen of the republic. They own and control the public franchises of every village, town and city and commonwealth within the Union. They fix and unfix laws of transportation in defiance of all law and constituted authority, and thereby levy tribute on every article of food and every thread of raiment transported and consumed by the American people. They have usurped from the government the sovereign functions of issuing and coining money, and thereby levy tribute on every citizen of the Union. They have united and combined their wealth until they have destroyed the natural laws of supply, demand and competition, and thereby lower the prices of the producer and raise the prices of the consumer at will, until the prices of every article produced and every thread worn and every article of food consumed by the eighty million American people are at their mercy. They have organized their systematic combinations until they have driven every independent and every individual dealer out of business and reduced the great masses of our people from individual

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dealers and independent American citizens to individual serfs, in defiance of all law and of all government, just as the landlords and barons in the ages passed reduced the masses to peasants and serfs. With their money and through their hirelings they control all the political parties of the country, elect and defeat governors, judges and presidents at will; with their money and through their systems of corruption they make and unmake laws and change statutes at will; through their gambling stock exchanges they make fictitious values and destroy real values at will, in order to destroy the legitimate property rights of the individual citizen, the widow and the orphan; through their organized political power they change and create tariff laws at will, so as to wreck and destroy the property rights of all competitors; through their organized financial and political power they own and control the greatest republic on earth, which was constructed to rule and govern a great and free people, simply as their agent to carry out and to execute their plans. The government has ceased to be a government of the people, but their agent—they use it to

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destroy competition and to throttle the will of the people; they make such laws through their 'agent,' the government, as they wish; through their new government they have such laws placed on the statute books as they wish, so as to create panics and destroy property rights at will. The government and constituted authority of eighty millions of people stand paralyzed in their grasp—helpless and defenseless, yielding to their will and their mercy. They do not consider that all law should be created to enforce an inherent right or to prevent an inherent wrong. With them all law and government should be used to rob and plunder the masses. In the last analysis they are simply Organized Anarchists—plunderers and thieves and criminals against Organized Society—common felons and enemies to humanity, for the Anarchist is nothing more nor less than one who does not submit to law, order and the rules of Organized Society, but claims that his individual rights are superior to the rights of Organized Society, and therefore his own will is the only law that he considers or regards. These men and their combinations are more powerful than

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the government. They bid defiance to all law, government and constituted authorities; they use their power and combinations to crush out competition and destroy property rights in violation and in defiance of all law, justice, right and morals. Judged therefore by every criterion of Organized Society, they are Organized Anarchists and common criminals and felons and should be dealt with as such by Organized Society. Organized Society must destroy them or they will destroy it. They are the real Anarchists and Nihilists of this government.

The men who are usually termed Anarchists and Socialists are not criminals. They are men who know that something is wrong—that a great wrong exists somewhere; they know that they are creating the wealth of the land, and in the distribution they are not getting their just share, but just where the wrong is they do not know. They have a just complaint but do not know what allegations to aver; they are not bad men at heart, they are searching for the truth; they do not want to destroy the government, they only want their moral and just rights. But they are dis-

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organized and divided among themselves—they are not agreed upon any plans or concert of action; their efforts are of no effect; they are termed erratic and without judgment and by their own acts cause themselves to be misjudged and abused. They of all men need the protection of the law and the government, for without the law and the government they are helpless and at the mercy of the Organized Anarchists. Their only hope is in education, investigation, organization and respect for law and the constituted authorities.

Our political and sociological condition, briefly summed up, therefore, is this: Organized Capital as constituted in this country is nothing more nor less than Organized Anarchy and has all laws and constituted authorities and the government at its mercy and will finally destroy this government, as the legal class and privileged classism have destroyed all the governments through the centuries, unless the masses investigate, organize and rise up in their power and crush out these criminal organizations and punish the criminals as the enemies of Organized Society and

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thereby rehabilitate the republic with law and order and the spirit of the Fathers."

As the doctor spoke his concluding words he emphasized them with force and earnestness that carried conviction to his hearers. When the last sentence was concluded, men with glasses, bald heads and intelligent faces who had listened with attentive ears, rushed for the platform, each making an earnest effort to shake the doctor's hand first. "That was a great treat, doctor. Oh, if the people of this republic could only have heard it, what a blessing it would have been," said one long, angular, hungry-looking fellow. "Thank you," said the doctor. "I wish to thank you for that learned discourse," said another bald head, wearing glasses. "Thank you," said the doctor with a smile. "I wish that every intelligent American citizen could have heard your remarks," said another hungry, lean-looking fellow. "Thank you," said the doctor with a smile. Thus the doctor stood shaking hands with these fellows with bald heads, glasses and hungry-looking, lean forms, yet students of existing conditions, smiling and thanking each for his congratulations. And

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the meeting adjourned in this informal manner. It was an intellectual feast for all, and each had secured information that he could use through the magazines, newspapers and on the rostrum, information that was taking hold of and permeating the American people and must in the end evolve and solve the truth according to free government.

CHAPTER XVI

THE "CAPTAINS OF FINANCE" CONTINUE IN BUSINESS

THESE "Captains of Finance," Pont Slogan and his associates, cared little and thought less of what the Socialists said or did. They had no time to consider the theories and dreams of the members of the independent Civic League. They went on with their business; they had no time to consider the threats or demands of the Socialists and Anarchists and the clamor of the "fool people." What were the people, the "fool masses," made for anyhow but to be used by them in their business, and for them to accumulate fortunes out of? For what other purposes could the "fool masses" have been put here except to create wealth for them? The "fool masses"—the people—did not know how to protect themselves. Let them grumble and growl—what could they do?

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“Let them protest and denounce, but we will go on working them and reaping the fruits of their labor as we have always done,” said Slogan and his associates. “We will go on executing our business plans, consolidating railroads, telegraph companies, telephone companies, electric light companies, steamship companies, and all the public functions of government; creating and controlling stock exchanges out of which to create fictitious values and destroy real values; creating and controlling combinations of the wheat market, the corn market, the beef market and the pork market, so as to name the prices on every article consumed by the American people; creating and controlling the cotton market and the wool market, so as to name prices on every thread of raiment worn by eighty millions of people; we will go on defeating laws that interfere with our business interests, and creating laws that will give us the right to carry out our plans and purposes; we will go on buying the City Councils, the Boards of Aldermen and the officials of the city governments, in order to control the public utility institutions of the municipalities of the land;

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we will go on through our lobbyists, 'General Agents' and 'Advisory Counsels' controlling the Legislatures of the commonwealths of the Union, so as to create such class legislation as is necessary to operate our monopolies and combines; we will go on through our lobbyists, 'General Agents,' 'Special Agents and 'Advisory Counsels,' influencing and controlling the legislation of Congress to the end that combinations and monopolies may control the price of both the producer and the consumer throughout the land; we will go on issuing free passes to the judiciary, legislators and congressmen, thereby influencing and controlling their actions; and let the people growl and grumble and clamor and protest—what can they do?"

Pont Slogan and his associates executed their purposes and they formed combines on the meat market, on the corn market and on the wheat market, so as to fix the prices on every article of food produced by the producer and to name the price of every article of food consumed by the consumer; they cornered the cotton and the wool market so as to name the price on every article of cotton

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and wool produced by the producer and to name the price of every thread of raiment worn by the consumer; they organized and controlled all the stock exchanges in the centers of trade, and by their branch offices they formed a complete net-work system throughout the land, so as to create fictitious values at will and thereby to crush legitimate values and business institutions and then to buy in their stock and bonds when the values thereof had decreased, and after securing title to them, to create fictitious values to them and reissue stock and bonds on "watered" assets, and to levy tribute upon the public by charging exorbitant rates, in order to pay dividends and interest on their stocks and bonds issued on fictitious values; they controlled and operated their stock exchanges and they organized branch offices throughout the land and converted them into gambling dens to plunder the masses by enticing the public to take a hand in games of chance on values where the chances were fixed and determined beforehand in favor of the controllers and manipulators of these dives; these stock markets and their network of

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branch offices were converted into chances of steal that were always against the public. They went into collusion with the great Life Insurance Companies and all the great corporations that had collected from the people, under the color of business, all the money of the country, and thereby controlled the money market and could thereby create financial panics at will by holding up the money that should be in circulation among the people and legitimate marts of commerce. By declaring panics they could wreck property values and business institutions and property rights, and buy in the property at any value they wished, and then suspend the panic and create fictitious values on the property and resell it to the people. They organized their methods into a complete system of combines so as to decrease and increase at will the value of every article that the people produced and the people consumed. They held every business enterprise of the country at their mercy; they could bankrupt any banking house, mercantile house, manufacturing house or other business institution at a moment's notice by declaring commercial war upon it; no banker, no mer-

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chant, no manufacturer dared to hold views contrary to their wishes either politically or otherwise, for to oppose them or their interest meant that war would be declared upon his business and that he would soon be a financial bankrupt and a business wreck; they organized the whole industrial and commercial system of the country into combinations and organizations that were in harmony with each other, and concentrated their financial strength into their own hands and thereby held the entire commercial and business interest of the country within their own grasp. The individual merchant and the individual manufacturer were forced out of business one by one, until they all soon became employes of Slogan and his associates and subject to the orders and dictation of the men in charge of these combinations. Instead of a country where individual enterprise and individual interests and individual business institutions existed, the whole business and commercial interests of the country were under the control and dictatorship of these "Captains of Finance." Instead of a country composed of individual, prosperous business men,

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these "Captains of Finance" had converted the commercial system of the land into combinations and organizations that controlled the entire commercial fabric and caused the thousands of employes who operated and carried on these combinations to become industrial serfs. They converted the republic of individual citizenship and individual business interest into a republic of dependent and industrial slaves, and by their grasp and control of the entire financial interest of the government, suppressed every independent business interest that attempted to compete with their system of industrial slavery. Through their "Special Agents", "General Agents" and "Advisory Counsels" they suppressed every attempt at legislation that sought to interfere with their system of industrial slavery. They held the governments, the commonwealths of the Union and the industrial system of organized society at their mercy, raising prices and destroying values and wrecking institutions at will. They bid defiance to all law and all order, and created laws and destroyed laws at will. They became the source of all law and the source of all gov-

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ernment and owners of the industrial system of eighty million people, and reduced the masses to industrial slavery just as the aristocracy reduced the masses to serfdom in the Roman Empire in centuries past. Independent business institutions everywhere went down beneath their onslaught, independent business men everywhere went out of business and became their industrial serfs, the values of the agricultural products of the farmers of the land were destroyed, and the rising generation of farmers, seeing no hope for the future, deserted the homesteads of their fathers and fled to the towns and the villages and the cities to become employees and industrial slaves in the commercial combinations of these "Captains of Finance." In the villages, towns and cities, the independent merchant, independent manufacturer and independent business men of every character and description were driven out of business and forced to become employees and enter the industrial slave systems of the "Captains of Finance." Independentism they destroyed everywhere—men no longer had wills of their own, but the thousands upon thousands who

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were reduced from independent citizens to the industrial slavery of these "Captains of Finance," lost their independence as citizens and became the industrial slaves of this new organized industrial system of these "Captains of Finance." The whole body politic was reduced to commercial and industrial slavery, and these "Captains of Finance" were the commercial autocrats that dictated and controlled the republic commercially, financially, politically and even religiously, for these industrial slaves, these political slaves and these clerical slaves dared not promulgate and advocate the issues that were contrary to the wishes of these "Captains of Finance." They owned and controlled the republic politically, industrially, financially, and even religiously; they had reduced eighty millions of Anglo-Saxon freemen to industrial, political, financial and religious slavery and serfdom.

They had all of the money and controlled all of the wealth of the land, and the great masses were at their mercy. The republic was no longer a government composed of free men, but of industrial slaves; they made and

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unmade the laws, they governed and controlled states and dominated the affairs of the republic. The citizen, the politician and the clergyman were at their mercy—none could withstand their influences. The power of their financial influence was felt everywhere, in the political arena, in the legislative halls, at the Bar, on the Bench and in the pulpit—for none dare incur their ill will, to do so meant suicide and death. They could create industrial and financial panics at will, they could destroy values and property rights at will, they could destroy the politician and the statesman at will. They could make and unmake laws at will, they could destroy legislators, judges, governors, senators and the holy men of the pulpit at will—none could hold views contrary to their interests and none dare promulgate doctrines contrary to their creeds. They muzzled the mouth of the professor in the college and dictated to him what political school of science he should teach; they gave to the statesman his creed and governed his policies in the legislative halls of his country; they dealt out to the man of God in the Holy Temple, his theolog-

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ical creed and muzzled him so he dare not teach anything that would disturb existing conditions and that would be injurious to their interests. Freedom of thought might prevail, but not freedom of speech. Independence in speech and action by the American people was absolutely and unconditionally surrendered to these "Captains of Finance;" the republic was reduced from a nation independent in thought, speech and action to industrial slavery and mental bondage. The Nation was crushed, it was no longer a people of industrial freedom and mental and moral independence, but of mental and moral serfdom. These "Captains of Finance" had reduced eighty millions of people of the greatest race of the world from industrial and mental freedom to industrial and mental slavery. They had reduced eighty millions of happy and prosperous people of the greatest republic on earth to bondage and slavery. They owned and controlled the masses as the Cæsars of Rome owned and controlled their serfs.

Individualism in business, individualism in ownership of property, individualism in

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expression and individualism in action was everywhere crushed—the wealth of the Nation was their property, the government their organized force, to hold the people in servitude and the masses their slaves.

CHAPTER XVII

THE EFFECT

THE effect of the actions of these "Uncrowned Kings of Finance" was felt everywhere; the farmers of the land became bankrupt; the individual retail merchant, a bankrupt; the individual banker, a bankrupt; the individual manufacturer, a bankrupt; the private broker, a bankrupt; and the dealers in legitimate enterprises throughout the land were bankrupts everywhere.

The effect of these conditions was felt by the Shelton family. Col. Shelton had died soon after the family reunion of heart disease; and just man that he was and knowing that his other three sons-in-law were well to do financially and possessed a great deal more wealth than Alex. Wilson, he willed the old home place to his youngest daughter Grace as a home, dividing the rest of his estate

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equitably and justly among the other three daughters. Soon after his demise, his good and true wife passed into the great unknown and joined him on the other side of the river. Each passed out feeling that life had been a reality and a success; that they had marched hand in hand on this side of the river in peace and joy, and that on the other side they would reunite and continue the union in the realm where there is no parting. They had left behind them the fruits of their lives, four beautiful queenly women—the queens of four American homes—the wives of four freemen—greater queens than those who reigned in the royal Courts and oppressed the millions with their power of usurpation; but they were not to remain the wives of freemen long—things were changing—ere long they were to be the wives of bankrupts—the housewives of deserted homes. The queenly mothers of the land that make a nation great were rapidly becoming the housewives of bankrupt husbands and bankrupt homes,—so was it with the Shelton family.

Mr. Winston had conducted a large plantation at Shellsboro, Ala., and Mr. Kinston had

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engaged extensively in sugar planting at his home at Tatesboro, La. Both were men of enterprise and industry, both had good futures, both loved their homes and their families. Each was a king in his own household; they were the type of men that make a nation great, devoted to their homes, their families and their country. They were determined by honest efforts and labor to fulfill the highest duty in life, to provide their families with the comforts of life. They labored hard, they toiled long. In the beginning it looked bright for them, all the way looked clear to them—they were buoyant with hope and good spirits; but each year as the effects of the actions of the organized “Captains of Finance” in Wall Street began to be felt over the land, things began to look darker and darker for these two promising young American. Each year the clouds gathered thicker and thicker, each year brought disappointment. As the “Captains of Finance” fixed their clamps tighter and tighter on the material affairs of the land, as the effect of their organizations and combinations, more and more gloom and darkness began to hover everywhere, and disappointment

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began to be realized by the individual citizen at every point and on every issue of material development. The price of raw sugar and cotton began to decrease and the price of everything that they consumed on the plantations began to increase. Everything that Winston and Kinston raised was on the decline, and the price of everything that they consumed was on the increase. They fought hard, but each year they found that they were becoming deeper in debt. Each year they toiled hard and labored long, made every effort to make up for the losses of the preceding year, but all in vain. They toiled, they labored, but each year they were the losers; each year carried them nearer to the Court of Bankruptcy and to the auction block of the sheriff; each year carried them on to financial ruin and destruction. It could not be otherwise, for each year the "Captains of Finance" of Wall Street were fixing their clamps tighter and tighter. Each year these "Captains of Finance" were drawing in their millions while the wealth producers were becoming poorer and poorer. Each year the raising of rice and cot-

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ton became more unprofitable. Each year found both Winston and Kinston deeper in debt, and they both soon became bankrupts; their crops, their horses, their cattle, their farming implements, their farms were all mortgaged for more than they would bring on the auctioneer's block. They fought hard, they toiled hard and long, they both had fought patiently and bravely, but in vain. Their hopes in life were blighted, they saw their families moving on to want and poverty, they saw no star of hope—no way to give to their families the necessities and comforts of life. To them life was a living death—a gradual death—a continuous crucifixion. To end it all was better than to continue the prolonged crucifixion; to see those that they loved, those that they had brought into existence, humiliated and in need and in want, robbed of the fruits of their toil, was more than death. Kinston as he faced the real facts, when selling his last crop of sugar in New Orleans, and saw all was gone—home, plantations and credit—everything that he possessed on earth, went to his room in the St. Charles Hotel. It was there that he had

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stopped in better days gone by when all was going well, when the future had nothing but sunlight and hope. He went to his room and a thousand thoughts went dashing through his mind. "Great God, has it come to this?" said he. "What will become of my poor family?" As he walked the floor wringing his hands and pulling his hair, he thought of his dear wife, the wife that clung to his very heart strings; he thought of his dear children, the fruit of his loins—"what will become of them; what will they do; what is there in life for them;—all is gone;"—these and a thousand other thoughts were dashing through his mind, crucifying his soul. To see the fruit of his loins, the wife of his bosom, go in want and in need was worse than death to him. As he walked his room and pulled his hair like a wild maniac, he cried out in his soul, "Oh, God, what have I done that such should be my fate?" His brain aching and throbbing with pain was worse than a thousand deaths, and he cried out from his innermost soul, "I will end it, I will end it!" and grasping his revolver from the top of his dresser, he threw his head back and placed the cold steel weapon

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of death near his temple and pulled the trigger. A pistol shot rang out through the house; the guests in the lobby heard the noise, everybody ran up stairs. "Where was that pistol shot?" all exclaimed at once. "In that room there," said an old colored woman, a servant in the hotel. The clerk opened the door, and there lay Kinston, his life's blood oozing out on the floor and with the cold weapon of death in his hand. He was dead.

The next day the *Picayune* and the *Times Democrat* had blazing headlines that "Thomas Kinston, Once a Prominent Rice Planter at Tatesboro, La., Commits Suicide at the St. Charles Hotel." The newspapers had a good photograph of him, and assigned financial troubles as the reason for the suicide.

The same day there was another tragedy in a hotel at Mobile, Ala. Winston had sold the last of his cotton crop and saw that he was a ruined man—that all was gone; and while the guests in St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans were bathing the blood-stained face of his old life-long friend, Kinston, Winston was seated in his room at his hotel at Mobile,

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heartbroken and downcast, crying out from his innermost soul, "Has it come to this? My poor family, my poor family!" he cried to himself. He cried out, "God knows I have strived, I have toiled, I have labored—I have done all that a poor mortal could do, and I am ruined, and I cannot do any more! Oh, what will become of my poor family?" and then from the depths of his heart he cried out, "I had rather be dead than to live." And in this moment of crucifixion and suffering and death, with pains dashing through his head until it seemed that his eyes would pop out of their sockets and his skull would burst asunder; in this mental craze and suffering and torture, he reached for his keen steel bladed knife, and with a long-drawn lick, cut his throat from ear to ear. He fell face forward to the floor and there he lay in cold death, his face besmeared in the pool of his own blood. When the servants of the hotel opened the door of his room and saw him, it was a ghastly sight. Next day the *Mobile Register* and other papers gave an account of the tragedy, stating that John Winston was of a prominent family and had been for many years a

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large cotton planter at Shellsboro, Ala. They assigned financial troubles as the cause of the suicide.

While these horrible tragedies were taking place in New Orleans and Mobile, while honorable men, true men, men with proper purposes in life, were going down beneath the crash of conditions created by other men without conscience—paying the penalty for the crimes committed by others, there was another tragedy playing its drama near the scene where the enemies of organized society put in action the causes that produced these effects. John King, who had married Ruth Shelton, and who had common ties with Winston and Kinston, had realized for some time that he was a ruined man. He had made every industrious effort to make his business a prosperous and legitimate business in New York City; he had inherited from his father a reasonable amount of capital to conduct a legitimate business and make a reasonable income for his family; he had been sober, industrious and thoroughly honest in his business methods, but by degrees he found the doors of industry closing on him everywhere. He was

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but one of thousands of individual dealers that were being crushed to the wall. The trusts had bought up all the manufacturing plants of the country and combined them. He found it impossible to buy goods at a price that would enable him to compete in the open market; that these combinations owned and controlled the manufacturing plants; they fixed the prices of all manufactured articles when they came from the factories; they controlled and dictated the prices at which these articles should be sold to the consumer. He made every effort to overcome these conditions, but all in vain. Week after week and month after month he discovered that he was getting deeper and deeper in debt; he was fully aware of the fact that it was only a matter of time when he must and would become a bankrupt. However, hoping against hope and fighting against fate, he struggled on, he watched the mercantile reports, he saw where hundreds of thousands of other independent dealers were going down beneath the commercial crash, he saw where hundreds and thousands were selling their interest or their business at any price that they could get for

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it to the trusts and the combines, and becoming employes of these masters, but he could not sell. He fought against fate until he was so badly in debt that his entire stock and holdings would not pay his debts. He had removed his family from the city over into Jersey into a small cottage so as to economize. He had gone to his business early and remained late week after week and month after month, fighting against these awful conditions, fighting against the fate that finally awaited him. On this night he remained late at his place of business, going through his books; there all alone in his office, going over his books, he saw his awful condition—that he was a bankrupt several times over—that it was a question of only a few days when the doors of his place of business would be closed by the officers of the law. He said to himself, “What will I do in this great metropolis? Everything here is controlled by the millionaires. The man at the bottom of the ladder in middle age in life has no chance to get to the top.” He said to himself, “Things are not now as they once were—everything is controlled here by the combines and trust organi-

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zations, and the individual dealers are all like myself—have gone or are going rapidly. What will I do to support my family? I have no trade, I have no property. What my father left me and my business are all gone.” And as he thought over these things he thought of his true little wife and his sweet little children at the fireside in the little cottage over in Jersey. He dropped his face in his hands and said, “Oh, God, what will become of them?” Then in a half stupid, crazed state, his mind staggering under his load, he closed the door to his place of business and left his office and started down Broadway to the ferry boat for Jersey. The mad crowd was coming and going, the whole city was alive with noise, the street cars were dashing by, the elevated cars were coming and going over the elevated roads, the whole city was alive with bustle and noise. No doubt some of the “Captains of Finance” on Wall Street rolled by in their carriages on their way to their homes on Fifth Avenue as he passed on his way to the ferry boat, but he saw nobody, he heard nothing, his mind was absorbed with his condition and crazed over his affairs. As

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he entered the ferry boat and she moved out into the Hudson, he was suffering the tortures of the damned, mental crucifixion and mental death, unconsciously thinking to himself, "I had rather be dead a thousand times than alive in this condition," and somehow, somehow, he could not reason out to himself, he could not explain to himself why, but as the boat moved out into the middle of the Hudson, the mental impulse to end it all overcame his reason and overboard he went into a watery grave. Next morning the New York papers simply had a small story, that John King of Jersey jumped from a ferry boat into the Hudson and was drowned. The outside world did not know the causes that produced the tragedy—it was a story that the man carried within his own breast. He was the victim of the crimes of others.

When the sad news of the tragedies of Winston and Kinston and John King reached Summer Hill, other troubles were hanging like a cloud over the old mansion of other days. Grace, the beautiful woman, who had made the old mansion a place of love and joy,

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was weeping with tears and moaning, when the news of the tragedy reached her.

Alex Wilson had been an industrious young man. He had labored long, hard and honestly to sustain himself against existing conditions and the final fate that awaited him. He had economized and labored hard to overcome the financial ruin and wreck that was closing in upon him. The tobacco trust controlled and dictated the prices of that product, and that was the staple crop upon the plantation of the Shelton home. Each year the price for the raw material was reduced and the price for everything that he had to purchase for consumption on the plantation was increased. Everything that he produced was going down, everything that he had to purchase was going up. Under these conditions, each year brought him out deeper and deeper in debt. Hoping against hope and fighting against fate, he persuaded Grace to mortgage the home that Col. Shelton had left her in order to continue a while longer, thinking that things might change and another year he might be able to overcome existing conditions. But finally the wreck came. He found him-

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self thrice insolvent—the home of his wife irredeemably gone; everything that he had was mortgaged; everything that she had was mortgaged; there was no hope of redemption; it was only a question of time when the old Shelton mansion and everything that he had owned would go at the auction of the sheriff's sale.

Night after night Alex Wilson rolled and tumbled upon his bed, thinking of these conditions. Sleep, he could not; eat, he could not; life was a living hell to him. He thought of his dear wife, and to him, to see her humiliated with these conditions was worse than death itself; he thought of his sweet and dear children, and to see them deprived of the fruits of his labor and of the pleasures of life tore his very heart strings asunder. He knew it was only a question of time when they would have to leave the old mansion, that it, with all of its dear memories, would be occupied by others. Day after day and night after night these thoughts that were murdering him clung to him. Rid himself of them he could not. While living, he was yet in a living hell. He strained every nerve to the

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uttermost tension to conceal his thoughts and his feelings from his dear wife, but he could not. She knew there was something wrong, and she knew the cause; true woman as she was, her heart went out to console him. "We will get along some way," said she. "I know it is awful, but we will make the best of it possible." She loved him still, but her love and devotion for him simply intensified his living death, for to be loved by such a woman and to be living in an age when the conditions were such that he could not by honest efforts and honest labor give unto her the comforts of life, was more than death to him. As he strolled alone over the plantation and around the barn yards, with his brain pulsating, beating and throbbing with mental worry and mental death, he cried unto himself, "Oh, God, I had rather be dead than to be in this condition—what will become of my dear wife and my dear children?" What will become of my dear wife and my dear children? was the one thought that made life a living hell. As for himself, he thought not—he cared not, he could stand anything, but it was his dear wife and children—his family,

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his family, what would become of his family?—that was the thought that ransacked his brain, that was the thought that he could not rid himself of day or night. His brain pained him—he was living and yet dying, and finally with his brain throbbing, aching and paining until he was no longer balanced or realized what it all meant, he said, “Oh, God, what have I done that I should thus suffer? Why have these conditions been forced upon me? Why have I met such a fate?” And with these thoughts in his mind and his brain aching with torture and pain, he went up into his room and closed the door; there all alone he walked the floor, wringing his hands and pulling his hair like a maniac. “Oh, God, has it come to this?” he exclaimed to himself from the depths of his soul. “I will end it all, I will end it all,” and then reaching into his wardrobe he grasped the steel weapon of death, placed it to his mouth and pulled the trigger. A pistol shot rang out through the old mansion. Grace ran up stairs, excited and screaming, the children following her. As she shoved the door open, there Alex lay flat on his back with the weapon of death

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grasped in his hand and his life's blood oozing out on the floor. It was all over—he was dead.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE DESERTING OF THE OLD SHELTON MANSION

SOON after the death of Mr. Winston, his wife, who was suffering with a chronic case of nervous disease, passed away, and there were three orphan children—two boys, Charlie and John, and a little girl, Hattie. The death of Mrs. Kinston soon followed that of her husband, caused from fever and general nervous and mental breakdown. There were two orphan children in the Kinston home, Samuel and Ruby. Mrs. King worried over the death of her husband until she was a physical wreck. She contracted pneumonia, and her general physical condition was such that she died. Two orphan children were left in the King home, Morris and Emma Belle.

Grace took all of the children of her three sisters to the old Shelton home to raise. She had two of her own, Linton and Laura. She

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knew that they could not remain long at the old Shelton mansion; she knew the mortgage on it was being foreclosed; the sheriff would soon be in charge. But she had courage. She was determined somehow and in some way and somewhere to raise and care for these children. It was a gloomy spirit at Summer Hill—the mansion of former days had lost its life. It was once the place of hospitality and a representative home of a great civilization; a home where there was plenty, and an open door was extended to all; a home over which a true American citizen presided, and whose family commanded the respect of all. In other days it was an ideal home of an ideal citizen of an ideal republic. But now it had changed. The old mansion had become dilapidated, the out houses were dilapidated, the farm looked deserted, everything everywhere seemed to be in a state of decay. The old mansion showed signs of former days of prosperity, but now the signs of decay and poverty. Everything had undergone a change, things were not what they once were. Finally the old mansion, the farm and all were sold at sheriff's sale, and it was

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the duty of the sheriff to place the purchaser in possession. It was a sad duty for him to perform. He had known the family in other days; but it was his duty and he must do it. He went about it gently and tenderly. On that day, the near and dear friends of the Shelton family came to say good-bye, for Grace had made her arrangements to move to Cincinnati to open an art gallery and conservatory of music combined, so as to use her talents in these lines to support and raise the children. This was the only thing that was left for her to do. She had arranged all of her affairs and was ready to go, ready to turn over the old mansion, the home of her father, the home of her childhood days, to others. Her friends around Summer Hill and Rocktite were there to say "good-bye." Tears were in many eyes and sorrow in many hearts. It was a sad scene to all. Captain Bell, the old family friend, was there. Age was telling its story upon him; his walk was uncertain and feeble. The once stately and firm step of the old man was weak and nervous; his shoulders were bent and more stooped than ever; his hands were nervous

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and his body quivered with nervousness and weakness, yet his mind was clear. When his soul was aroused with indignation, his eyes had the fire of other days. As one by one the old friends and neighbors told Grace and the children "good-bye," tears were in the eyes of every one; there was not a dry eye, but every heart was throbbing with sorrow and every eye shedding tears. When all had told Grace and the children "good-bye," silence and sorrow prevailed everywhere. When no one seemed to know what to say or what to do next, when the spirit of sorrow seemed to be hovering over the old mansion, when gloom and sorrow seemed to reign everywhere, Captain Bell, standing to one side in the room, where the friends had gathered, leaning on his cane, stepped the best he could with his weak and uncertain step to the front of where the friends stood. With tears in his eyes, his face burning and flashing with the fire of his indignant soul, his whole nature was aroused, the spirit of other days had reasserted itself within him. "Friends," said he, "this is a pitiful scene. I remember the days when things were different here,

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when prosperity dwelt within this home, when this mansion was the home of a happy and prosperous family. I remember the days when this home was a representative home of a representative American citizen, the days when no home in this land surpassed this home for hospitality and generosity. I remember the days when this home, like the home of the rest of our people, was prosperous. The family that dwelt here was like the families that dwell in the rest of our homes, happy and contented. But what a change, what a change! And we know, my friends, what brought about this change; we know what has destroyed this home—has destroyed the homes throughout this land; we know what the conditions were that brought about the acts of those who dwelt here; we know that they are the victims of conditions that they could not help; we know that they have done their best and have been crushed by the greed of others, as has been the case throughout the land. It is a sad, a sad sight indeed. But let us have courage, let us have hope;—one of the greatest men this country ever produced, Mr. Clay, said to the people of this

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state in his farewell address, that he had faith in the American people, faith in their ability and their patriotism to solve every problem that the future might present. He said that he had an abiding faith in the people of this republic to solve every problem and every issue, and that the republic would live. Let us take new courage today from his farewell words. Let us believe that there is a brighter day coming, let us believe that the people yet have patriotism enough to crush out the wrongs that caused these conditions. I, for one, believe that the descendants of the men who bled and died at Valley Forge, who marched to the drum beat and kept step with the music of war and faced the carnage and blood and death at Lexington, who fought and died at Guilford Court House and Yorktown, have patriotism enough to save this republic and to restore it to the reign of the people. I will not be here to see it—my days are numbered. I soon will be gone to join those who have gone before me from among us; yet I have faith, I have hope; I have faith in the ability and the patriotism in this and the coming generations to destroy these wrongs

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and to restore the republic to a land of homes and prosperity.”

All departed, feeling the solemnity of the occasion. There was sadness in the very atmosphere around Summer Hill and Rocktite. The Shelton home was lost—the Shelton family was gone.

Grace took the children, noble and true woman as she was, determined to care and provide for them. She assumed the responsibility of caring for and raising them. It was a great undertaking; she had no money, no means, no way by which to care for these orphan children except her determination—her will—her spirit. That spirit was all powerful; it was the same spirit that had been the animating force of her beautiful form and had given vitality to her in days passed when she was the most beautiful woman of “Old Kentucky.” Her cheeks were not as rosy now as they were once, her form was not as plump as it had been in other days, her eyes did not have the quickening flash as they did in days gone by and her face carried the expression of trouble rather than the magnetic smile that drew everyone to her in days

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passed. Yet the same spirit of other days gave force to her life; she was the same true woman. She had no other resources out of which to support and care for the children except her knowledge of art and music. She opened an art gallery and conservatory of music on Elm Street, in Cincinnati,—combined the two in one, for she had to bring into play all of her talents in this time of emergency, and through her energy and talents she soon had some of the best people in the city for her patrons. She rented enough rooms, so as to have rooms on the same floor of her place of business in which to live. Day after day, as the rushing masses went rubbing, pushing and shoving by, grasping for dollars, there were strains of the music which vibrated out from her rooms into the cold commercial air of these mad men rushing for dollars that touched their stony commercial hearts, strains of music that made them think of the better things of life and the better life. The spirit of Grace Shelton was there, and her spirit spoke to these stony commercial souls through the music that vibrated out from her spirit and touched and played upon theirs.

CHAPTER XIX

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION OF NORTH CAROLINA

AS time passed, month after month and year after year, things grew worse and worse, the burdens of the people grew heavier and heavier, the masses grew poorer and poorer, and the corporations and the trusts and the classes richer and richer. Beneath it all a great irresistible current was collecting that must burst asunder these conditions somehow and somewhere. A great irresistible force was gathering that must break loose somewhere. A latent and yet potential force was stored away in the hearts and the wills of the people that in the end must break asunder existing conditions. Such were the conditions throughout the Union when the State Democratic Convention met in North Carolina. There was something in the very atmosphere that

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bid defiance to existing conditions. The majority of the delegates who came from every section of the State on each incoming train, had defiance written on their faces. They were there for a purpose; the "Special" and "General Agents" and "Advisory Counsels" fully realized what was this purpose and they were there to defeat this purpose; they were there to meet the irresistible and to turn its course if possible. They consulted, they advised, they laid plans, for they realized that it was a fight unto death. They had their representatives from all parts of the State on the delegation, and although they were in the minority they hoped by schemes and plans to defeat the will of the majority and the will of the people. These men were trained and drilled in the way of controlling political conventions and by this means they were confident that they could defeat the will of the majority. What did they care for the will of the people? What did they care for the Democratic party? They were there to do the will of their masters, they were there to defeat the will of the people and to continue the galling yoke of oppression upon them.

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They had no politics, they had no party, they had no principles except to serve the will of their masters.

At the proper hour next day, the convention was called to order by the Hon. Thos. Jones, chairman of the State Executive Committee, and the usual temporary organization was perfected, after which the Hon. Bruce Light was elected permanent chairman. This was the first victory for the representatives of the people. The "Special" and "General Agents" and "Advisory Counsels" had all been against the Hon. Mr. Light, for they knew that they could not control him. His record in the State Senate had been against them; he was young, vigorous, brainy and determined and he had character and a conscience. They did not want him; they moved every power to defeat him, but the votes of the people's representatives swept him in as chairman of the convention. And when the "Special" and "General Agents" and "Advisory Counsels," who were delegates, began to make motions and resort to their tricks to defeat the will of the people, he ruled with an iron hand. "The gentleman is out of order

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and will take his seat," declared the chair. "This convention is here for business," said he; "take your seat." Every trick and scheme was resorted to by the tricksters, but the chair ruled with an iron hand. "The will of the people, as long as I am chairman of this convention, shall not be defeated here, and those who are here to defeat the will of the people had as well understand it now," said he. They resorted to every trick and scheme to pack the committee on resolutions, but the chair appointed the Hon. Wm. Fitchen chairman of the committee on resolutions. Mr. Fitchen was known to be a man of high integrity, high purposes in life, and while modest, yet brave, and because of his high integrity and his great sympathy for the masses, the people of his district had honored him with several terms in Congress. His appointment as chairman of the committee on resolutions made things look dark for the tricksters; they knew that Billy Fitchen had convictions. The committee remained out all the afternoon. The convention went as far with its business as it could without the report of the committee on resolutions, and had to ad-

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journal. The news reached the convention hall that a great fight was going on in the committee room. The committee had remained out all night. When the convention met next morning the committee was still out, and the convention adjourned until eleven o'clock. By this time the news had spread throughout the city that a great contest was being fought out in the committee on resolutions. The news had been telegraphed throughout the State and the daily press was making it a great sensation. When the convention reassembled at eleven, the committee was still out and the chairman appointed a special committee to ascertain and report to the convention when the committee on resolutions would be ready to report. The special committee reported back to the convention that the committee on resolutions would probably be ready to report at one o'clock, and the convention adjourned until that hour. When the convention reassembled at one o'clock, the committee on resolutions filed in. Their eyes were red, their hair was turned and tossed and tangled, they looked worn, sleepy, tired and jaded. It was evident that a great contest

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had been waged in the committee room all night long. Billy Fitchen and his followers looked like men who had been fighting for principle, and the "tricksters" on the committee looked like men who had been fighting to defeat principle and had lost. Every seat, every aisle, every gallery, every window in the convention hall of the capitol of the "Old North State" was filled, packed and jammed; the fairest women and the best men of the commonwealth were there. All were confident that a great battle was to be fought.

"Is the committee on resolutions ready to report?" asked the chair. Billy Fitchen, measuring six feet high, with his black hair turned and tossed over his large and well-rounded head, and with his sympathetic eyes flashing with fire and his voice ringing out with as much earnestness as when attending a prayer meeting at the Baptist Church in his little home town, arose in front of the committee and said: "Mr. Chairman, the committee has been unable to agree, but I beg to read the report of the majority, after which the report of the minority will be read." "The

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Chairman recognizes the gentleman from Personel County," said the Chair. Whereupon the Hon. Billy Fitchen began to read: "The Democracy of this State renews its faith in the rights of the people and declares its belief in the supremacy of the people, in law and in order, recognizes the existing wrongs that are robbing and plundering our people, it declares every corporation, trust and combine that is being operated to destroy the laws of competition, supply and demand, to be in violation of the rights of organized society, and the men who own and control them to be criminals, and violators of both the law of God and of man. The Democracy of this State, in convention assembled, demand such legislation as will destroy these institutions and punish the men who own and control and operate them, as criminals against organized society, and felons against the laws of this commonwealth. We declare, unconditionally our faith in the time honored doctrine of 'the consent of the governed,' and that all laws and that all governments should be instituted and operated for the protection of the people and to prevent the strong from

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oppressing the weak. We unhesitatingly and unconditionally do hereby declare that the combinations of wealth and trust combines that oppress the weak and collect in the millions produced by the toiling masses are plundering and robbing society, and the men who operate and control these institutions to be criminals; and the Democracy of this State promises the people that it will wage relentless warfare upon these criminals and these institutions until such laws are enacted and placed upon our statute books as will punish the criminals and drive the operation of their institutions from the confines of this commonwealth," etc. As Billy Fitchen concluded the last sentence of the majority report, his voice rang out with the earnestness of a Crusader, and the applause went up throughout the convention hall.

When Mr. Fitchen had resumed his seat, the Hon. Sam Williams, an unknown "Advisory Counsel" for the International Amalgamated Tobacco Co., arose and began to read the minority report. It contained the usual platitudes that the Democracy of the State renews its faith to the "principles of the

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Fathers'' and congratulates the people upon the prosperity of the commonwealth and the law as administered by Democracy,'' etc. When Mr. Williams had completed reading the minority report, the chairman announced that the majority report would have the opening and conclusion in the discussion on the resolutions, and it was announced that Billy Fitchen would conclude for the majority and Samuel Williams for the minority. After several brief speeches from various members of the majority and minority of the committee, the Hon. Samuel Williams took the platform. He pleaded for the party to be conservative, that the State was prospering, that there was more accumulated wealth and larger manufacturing institutions had been established in the last decade than ever before in the same length of time. He contended that if the majority report was adopted, it would put the Democratic party of the State under the ban of the business interests of the country. He pleaded for conservatism rather than radicalism. When he had concluded his speech of platitudes and sophistry and resumed his seat, Billy Fitchen arose to conclude for the ma-

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jority. His long black hair was tossed hither and thither, his eyes flashed with earnestness and his voice trembled with the ring of sincerity and his face was aroused with emotion. He was a living, real picture of an honest man that was willing to risk all and to die for an honest conviction. The earnestness of his face and the flash of his eyes silenced the audience. Not a murmur could be heard in the great hall, silence reigned everywhere, all seemed to realize that a great issue was to be fought out and that the man was in earnest and had a message for the people. "Mr. Chairman," he began, "we stand on sacred ground, on the soil where the first lamp of liberty burned on this continent, the soil that produced the men that gave to the world the 'Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence,' the soil that produced the patriots that bled and died at King's Mountain, Guilford Court House and Alamance that a new republic might be born and freedom and justice might go marching on among men to the ends of the earth. We stand on the soil made illustrious and sacred by the names of a Morehead, a Clingman, a Nash, a Mangum, a Graham and

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a Vance. On the soil of this old commonwealth some of the most glorious deeds of this republic have played their drama. Her immortal sons in the days passed have been some of the brightest stars in the political firmament of this Union.

“Let us to-day reconsecrate this sacred soil, this glorious old commonwealth anew, to liberty, justice and human freedom. Let us as patriots do our full duty. There was a time when a happy and prosperous people dwelt within the borders of this good old commonwealth, a people and a civilization that bid defiance to all the races and civilizations of the ages, a people that was industrious and prosperous, happy and contented, a people that loved virtue, honor, home, country and God. Where are these happy and prosperous homes that once covered this commonwealth from the seashores to the mountain tops? Where are these mansions that were the pride of the plantations of other days? They are gone—they are deserted. In other days men were patriots and freemen; to-day their children are industrial slaves and serfs, toiling in the sweat shops of trusts and combines that

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are plundering our people. Where are the churches to which our fathers went in other days to worship when they were freemen? They are dilapidated and deserted and gone. Where are the school houses in which our fathers were educated as to the duties of a citizen to his home, his country and his God? They are deserted and gone. We have passed from a happy and contented civilization, from the days of freemen to the days of industrial serfdom and slavery. There is not a man on this continent, Mr. Chairman, but what knows the cause, knows the reason for this change in our civilization, for these wrongs wrought against our homes, our families and our children. The trusts have this commonwealth by the throat. They name the prices on what the people produce and make us sell it to them at what they are willing to give us for it, and they name the prices on what our people consume and make us pay them what they please for what we consume. The tobacco industry in days gone by was a prosperous business to our planters. By honest labor and honest effort they made it a staple and prosperous industry. Yet there was raised upon the soil

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of this State a man who loved dollars more than patriotism, who loved dollars more than humanity, who loved dollars more than the rights of others. He went forth from his native State, he repudiated the soil of his birth, the citizenship of his native commonwealth, and organized the tobacco trust that to-day controls the output of that product. John Fukelow controls the International Amalgamated Tobacco Co., and the International Amalgamated Tobacco Co. controls the tobacco market of the world and holds the farmers throughout this land, who produce that staple product, at its mercy. He has driven, by his combination, the individual dealer and the individual manufacturer out of business. He has left the producer without any competition for what he produces. He has reduced thousands of farmers of this commonwealth to pauperism. He has driven them and their families from their homes into sweat shops and factories to become his industrial vassals. He has crushed the civilization in this historic old commonwealth that was illustrious and immortal for honor, for industry and virtue.

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While he and his associates in his combines have grown richer and richer and collected in their millions, the masses of our people have grown poorer and poorer and our civilization has been crushed. What is true of the International Amalgamated Tobacco Co. is true of every trust and combine in this land. Their 'Special Agents' and 'General Agents' and 'Advisory Counsels' have controlled this State. They have made and unmade our laws. They have made and unmade our legislators. They have owned and controlled this State, and what is true as to this historic old commonwealth is true as to every commonwealth in this Union. They have their hirelings and their paid lobbyists in this convention to-day, they have them here now, they had them on the committee that was to frame a platform for the Democracy of this State, they are here to defeat the will of the people and to foster these institutions that are crushing our civilization and the best manhood that the world has ever known. They say we must be conservative. We answer by saying that the Fathers at Lexington, at Valley Forge, at Guilford Court House and at Yorktown

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were not conservative. A great principle was involved, free institutions were involved, the right of the greatest race that the world has ever produced to govern itself was involved. The issue to-day, my countrymen, is as great as it was then. The question is: Shall our free institutions live, shall law and order prevail in this commonwealth and in this Union, shall we have a government that rests on the consent of the governed, shall we have a country composed of industrious, happy and prosperous citizens, protected in the pursuit of happiness, prosperity and in their individual rights by the strong arm of the law, or shall we have a government controlled and operated by a few organized plunderers of organized society, controlled by men who regard neither the rights of men nor the laws of God, controlled by men who have no sympathy for struggling humanity, the widow and the orphan, controlled by men who put the dollar above human flesh and blood? I say to you, my fellow citizens, I say to the gentlemen who oppose the report of the majority of this convention that if these views are to prevail, if these wrongs against or-

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ganized society are to continue, then this republic is on its way to final decay and ruin, that it will go the way that all republics have gone before, and that free institutions and the right of a people to govern themselves will be pronounced a failure by every crowned head, monarch and despot that now oppress the millions in every clime. I say, my fellow citizens, that we owe a duty to ourselves, a duty to the coming generations to restore law and order in this land, to crush out these organized plunderers, these criminals against society. You owe this duty, my fellow citizens, to yourselves, you owe it to your country, you owe it to the oppressed millions in every clime that are looking, looking, looking to the influence of this republic as a final triumph of free institutions that will yet free the world.” At this point, while every ear was listening and a great audience was moved to the utmost tension, a telegram was passed down the aisle to the Speaker’s desk and handed by the chairman to Mr. Fitch. With the perspiration pouring off his face, his eyes flashing with the fire of the Crusader, he halted just for a moment, tore it open and read the tele-

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gram. It was from the Hon. Thomas Hinton, congressman from California. He and Mr. Fitcher had become personal friends in congress, both had similar views on the trust question, both were men of integrity and patriotism. As Billy read it, his face lighted up with hope and inspiration. He then raised the telegram high in his right hand and waving it exclaimed, "Fellow citizens here is a message to the Democracy of this state,—listen"—and then he read:

"San Francisco, Cal., — —

"HON. WM. FITCHER,

"Raleigh, N. C.

"Care of Democratic Convention.

"My Dear Mr. Fitcher:—

"The Democracy of this state has just passed resolutions in its platform declaring unconditionally that the organized trusts are plunderers of society and their owners and controllers criminals against society, declaring that the party will wage relentless war until they are driven from the confines of this state." Then waving the telegram in his right hand, he exclaimed, "Here is a message

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from the Democracy of the great commonwealth of California to the Democracy of this historic old state. Let us be as patriotic as our fellow Democrats on the other side of the continent; let us send our greetings to our fellow citizens everywhere in this Union that the patriots of this state are determined that these criminals against organized society shall be declared criminals and driven from this commonwealth. Let us, fellow citizens, do our full duty to ourselves, to our children, to the coming generations, to our country and to our God. This is an hour that is calling for men, calling for patriots, calling for heroes that are willing to be sacrificed for truth's sake and for principle. I say to you that every trust that is operating in this state is plundering our people; I say to you that the men who own and control them are criminals against society; I say to you that the one man, Jas. Fukelow, president of the International Amalgamated Tobacco Co., has done more to wreck and destroy the happiness of this commonwealth than all the petty criminals the state has ever produced; I say to you that

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he is the cause of thousands of homes having been deserted in this commonwealth, that he has caused poverty to reign where prosperity once dwelt, that he has destroyed the happiness and contentment in the homes of thousands of the people in this state, that he has helped to destroy a great civilization and to plant in its stead a civilization that in the end means the destruction of free institutions. Let us say to the people of this state that these wrongs must end, let this state say to the other commonwealths of this Union that we are willing to do our duty in restoring this republic to the reign of the people. Let us crush out these wrongs, let us reconsecrate ourselves to liberty and this great commonwealth to liberty, justice and right, as honest men. As freemen, as patriots, I declare to you to-day in the presence of almighty God, we cannot afford to do less. Let the Democracy of this state, in the name of right, in the name of justice, in the name of liberty, for humanity's sake and in the name of almighty God, adopt this platform written by these honest men, these men who love this state, who love our people, who

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love liberty and who love freedom, and send the great tidings to patriots everywhere in this broad republic, that we are willing to join in relentless war against these criminals and their crimes and to restore this Union to the reign of the people, law, order and justice and that right and justice shall reign with our people." As Mr. Fitchen concluded and the last sentence of his speech echoed through the old convention hall and men and women relaxed from the tension in which they had been held, they rallied to their feet, men throwing their hats up to the galleries and yelling like madmen and the ladies everywhere in the hall waving their handkerchiefs and clapping their hands—pandemonium reigned everywhere; the "Special Agents" and "General Agents" and "Advisory Counsels," who were scattered through the convention hall, looked astounded, they couldn't account for the great response from the audience. When the yelling and whooping by the men, the clapping of hands by the ladies, the throwing of hats and tossing of handkerchiefs and the stampede had sufficiently ceased for the "Chair" to make

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his voice heard, the Hon. Bruce Light arose, with a firm intellectual face and with a voice that ran out through the old hall, "The motion of the gentlemen from Personel is that this convention do adopt the majority report. All in favor of the motion that this convention adopt the majority report of the committee on resolutions will vote 'aye'." The whole convention, delegates, men and ladies seemed to yell "aye," until it seemed that the old roof would be raised from the old capitol. "All in favor of not adopting the majority report will vote 'no,' declared the "Chair," "and after the majority report is voted on, the chair will put the vote on the minority report. Through the hall here and there could be heard a feeble "no" going up from some "Advisory Counsel" or "Special Agent," but even they were ashamed to be heard. "The ayes have it—the chair declares the majority report adopted by this convention. The noes seemed to be so weak," declared the chair, with a sarcastic smile, "that the chair does not deem it necessary to put the motion on the minority report, and the majority report stands adopted."

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The convention then went into the election of State House officers and soon nominated a ticket, in point of intelligence, integrity, honor and character, that was in keeping with the platform it had adopted, and then adjourned. All felt that a great patriotic movement had been set in motion that in the end would tell on the condition of the old state, and when the convention adjourned, patriotic men and queenly women gathered around Billy Fitchen to shake his hand, until the old convention hall down near the speaker's stand was converted into a reception room.

The press of the state reported the speech, and the patriotism of the whole state was re-kindled and reconsecrated to free institutions, and Billy Fitchen was the ideal and idol of a great state.

CHAPTER XX

MORRIS SLOGAN'S LAST LETTER

MORRIS SLOGAN still remained a bachelor. Grace when in her young vivacious womanhood had left an impression upon his mind and his heart too that he could not rid himself of. The expression of her eyes lived with him. When alone and undisturbed he could see through his mind's eye her beautiful and queenly figure, vivacious expression that played over her face, her golden and auburn locks which made her the real picture of a living queen. There was a gentle smile that played over her face and a confidential twinkling of her brown eyes that still remained with him. When all alone in his room at the dead hours of night her golden locks, her soft brown eyes, her vivacious form, haunted him; they caused two elements of his character to strive with each other, they caused his nature to carry on a continuous

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battle of warfare. The idea of Grace accepting young Alex Wilson, a young man of ordinary means, in preference to him who was the son of Pont Slogan, a multi-millionaire, aroused his wrath and contempt. With him money was the standard of everything, he could not understand why he should not be the counterpart in nature to any queenly woman that he might wish; according to his standard his money should be all that she should wish, his money should gratify her every want and her every desire, measured by his standard money should make him the affinity for the fairest queen of the land. And while he felt outraged for Grace having rejected him for young Alex Wilson, yet when all alone thinking of her his wrath in spite of himself would pass away and he unconsciously would find himself thinking of her. Without letting anybody know of his interest in Grace, he had kept informed of her whereabouts and her life after her marriage, and after she had removed to Cincinnati he decided to write her. The two elements in his character were operating to overcome each other. He first sympathized with her and then his self-con-

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ceit arose within him and he found himself with thoughts like these running through his mind. "Why did she marry him in preference to me any way? If she had married me she could have had everything that money would control, she could have lived in New York and had the pleasures of this life and have been somebody, she could have been introduced in society among the 'Four Hundred,' with whom I go, and my money with her beauty would have given her one of the first places in society. With these thoughts and feelings controlling his mind, he decided to write her a brief letter, simply a feeler, to partially sympathize with her and partially to remind her of what she could have been.

"Mrs. Alex Wilson,

"Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"My Dear Mrs. Wilson: I have heard of your misfortunes in life and it grieves me very much. I often think of the time when I first met you and the days gone by, and little did I think then that such a good and beautiful being as you could ever have the misfortunes that I am informed have fallen to your lot; it

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is too bad. I know you will pardon me when I say that if my wishes had been gratified in days gone by your condition in life would have been different. However the past is the past and we cannot correct its mistakes. I am still a bachelor and connected with my father's bank. I am in good financial condition. If I can assist you in any way it will afford me great pleasure. If you will accept it, I will like to aid you financially as I really have more money than I know what to do with. Do me the kindness to drop me a note and tell me of your real condition and if you are in need. It would give me great sorrow to know that you really were in a strained financial condition, and I will take pleasure in assisting you.

“With many good wishes and remembering the days gone by when I first knew you,

“I am, sincerely yours,

“MORRIS SLOGAN.”

When Grace received Morris Slogan's letter her wrath was aroused. She never had cared for him, and for him to think that his money could buy her love and affection was

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abhorrent to her. She could read his real purpose between the lines, she did not mistake his purpose to both remind her of his money and to humiliate her too. She promptly answered his letter.

“Mr. Morris Slogan,

“New York,

“Care of Pont Slogan & Co.

“Dear Sir: Your recent letter received and I avail myself of this opportunity to answer it. You will pardon me when I say that I fully realize my condition yet I know the causes that brought it about. You refer to your financial condition and that you are connected with your father's banking house. Just such men as your father and just such institutions as your father is operating produced the condition that ruined me and mine and has ruined and destroyed thousands of other homes in this land, and brought thousands of helpless men, women and children to want. Your gold and paltry dollars do not affect me—I know how they were secured. I would relieve you of any financial aid or assistance. I do not wish to share in the bene-

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fit of the filthy dollars that were secured by plundering the homes of the widows and the orphans of the land. Thank God I have my health, and my father gave me an education before our home was plundered by such as Pont Slogan & Co., and I will use the health and mind that God has given me to care for those that the crimes of Pont Slogan and others have placed upon me. You will greatly oblige me by not writing any more and referring to your money.

“Now Mr. Slogan, it is not my purpose to offend or insult you but I write this letter in perfect frankness so you can understand and realize my feelings.

“Sincerely yours,

“MRS. GRACE WILSON.”

Morris Slogan did not address her any more—her letter ended the correspondence.

CHAPTER XXI

ANOTHER POLITICAL CONVENTION

SOON after the Democratic Convention of North Carolina adjourned, the Democratic Convention of New York met in New York City.

The convention assembled in the halls of Cooper Institute. It was a representative meeting of the Democracy of the Empire State. The "up-state" Democrats were there to fight "Tammany" and "Tammany" was there to fight the "up-state" Democracy. The delegates representing the "up-state" Democracy were mostly natives of the old Empire State and representative citizens. Tammany was represented by Irish, Italians, Hungarians, Polish, Jews and some good labor union delegates and young lawyers who had moved into New York from other states in the Union. It was a typical representation of Tammany.

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It was apparent to all that there were issues that the party had to fight over other than the differences between the "up state" and the "Tammany" Democracy. Many labor union men who were honest and patriotic were on the "Tammany" delegation and could not be controlled by the "ring." A great undercurrent was working its way to the surface that had to be considered. The party could no longer dodge the great issues that must be solved. The people were dissatisfied and discontentment reigned everywhere. The people demanded a change in existing conditions, the people demanded that the party commit itself to something—that the party stand for something and against something. It was clear to all that two great forces were marshaling for final battle, that either the forces of the masses or the forces of the classes would win. "Special" and "General Agents" and "Advisory Counsels" were everywhere in the convention hall. Some were there as delegates and some were there to control delegates. Whether there as delegates or to control delegates they were there to control the convention and to see that it

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committed itself to platitudes and did not do anything that would injure the interests of their masters—the protected classes. The Convention was called to order by the retiring chairman, the Hon. John McHarran, who made the usual speech declaring that the grand old party of the people had met in convention to save the people's rights. He did not tell them about all the retainer fees that he had received from the trusts and combines during his administration as chairman for his influence at Albany, but he told them about the rights of the dear people.

After the usual temporary organization had been completed a permanent organization was perfected. The Hon. John Spincks was made chairman—a “Tammany” Democrat. The “ringsters” and “tricksters” had arranged for his election beforehand. Everything moved along smoothly until the committee on resolutions filed into the convention hall. The “tricksters” and “General Agents” and “Advisory Counsels” had packed the committee on resolutions, they had prepared a platform in advance and had it ready to be signed by the committee, but there were a

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few honest men on the committee that would not consent to the platform or platitudes prepared in advance by the "tricksters." They drew a minority report denouncing the robbery and oppression of the trusts and combines, they denounced the owners and controllers of these institutions as criminals and enemies of organized society and declared that the only hope of the republic was in the destruction of these institutions and branding their owners and operators as criminals. They demanded that the party commit itself to the policy of destroying these criminal institutions and punishing the owners and controllers as criminals. The minority appointed the Hon. John Thomas, a young enterprising lawyer who had recently removed from a country town to New York City to practice law, to lead the fight for the minority report. He was young and aggressive, honest and determined; he had not been contaminated by the old regime of the ring and the hirelings of the trusts; they had not regarded him of sufficient importance to take him into their inner circle—they did not know of what material he was made.

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The two reports were read to the convention and the usual perfunctory speeches were made by the "ringsters," "Special Agents" and "Advisory Counsels" that the majority report be adopted. The report was the cool, deliberate and calm judgment of the majority of the convention to the Democracy of New York, they declared, and should be adopted by the convention; but when the time for Mr. Thomas to conclude for the minority was reached he arose and approached the platform of the convention hall. He was of medium size, cleanly shaven and had an intelligent black eye; his face was the face of a man that had convictions and the courage to fight for them. "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the convention," he began, "I represent no faction and no interest in this convention except the people of this great state. The Democratic party has no right to exist except to serve the people. I say to the Democrats of this great state, I say to the six millions of people of this great state that the resolutions reported to this convention by the majority are not the deliberate judgment of this convention and do not represent the true Democ-

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racy and the interests of the people, but the platform reported by the majority is a fraud upon the party and the people of this state perpetrated by a few 'tricksters' who are hirelings of a few financial plutocrats. I say to this convention, I say to the Democracy of this Empire State that our free institutions are decaying, that the republic is going, going, going the way that all of the republics of the past have gone, I say to this convention and to the Democratic party of this union that we owe a duty to the coming generations to save our free institutions and this republic. Through class legislation, through corrupt methods, through criminal business organizations, a few today own and control all the wealth of this the greatest republic on the face of the globe. They control the values of the products of eighty millions of people, they make and unmake our laws, they make and unmake the chief executives of the commonwealth of this Union, they make and unmake the legislators of every state in this republic, they control both of our great political parties, they dictate the policy of this great republic. From Wall Street in this city they

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operate their criminal institutions and oppress the millions who constitute our citizenship, they have collected into their control and ownership all the money of the Nation just as the nobility and royalty did in France during the reigns of the Merovingian and the Capetian dynasties, they have created and are creating the same conditions in this republic that the nobility and royalty created in France which brought on one of the greatest conflicts in history and drenched the soil of France with innocent human blood. This republic is owned by Wall Street, it is controlled from Wall Street, just as the Cæsars dictated and controlled the Roman Empire from the city of Rome. When the Cæsars had created a centralized government in Rome and dictated and controlled the empire from their seats in the Imperial City, corruption began to reign everywhere and disease and decay set in within the Roman Empire which finally brought about its dissolution and destruction. History is but repeating itself in this century and it yet remains to be seen whether the Anglo-Saxon race will be sufficient to correct these wrongs and to save our free institutions.

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In this great city, millions upon millions of dollars are spent annually in dissipation by the rich, while over there on the east side thousands are perishing, starving and dying and filling paupers' graves. From Wall Street a few 'Uncrowned Kings of Finance' are collecting in the wealth produced by the millions and hoarding up the money of a great republic into their vaults, while out yonder on the plains of the middle west, in the wheat fields are toiling the dissatisfied masses; yonder in the cotton fields of the south are toiling an earnest, honest and dissatisfied people; in the sweat shops of the great cities of this republic are housed a toiling and discontented people. These 'Uncrowned Kings of Finance,' operating from Wall Street, are unmindful and unconscious of this heaving, throbbing, dissatisfied and discontented force in our body-politic. I tell you that unless a change is wrought, unless these wrongs are corrected, the day will come when these oppressed masses, these people robbed of their just earnings, reduced to want and to poverty by the criminals from Wall Street, will march in armies upon this

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city just as the Jacobins in France marched into Paris, just as the revolutionists and the pauperized masses overthrew and destroyed Rome. I tell you that these wrongs cannot continue, that they must be corrected, that they must be destroyed and crushed or they will overthrow the republic and destroy our free institutions, and when the crisis comes, when chaos shall reign everywhere, when revolution shall sweep over this land, some leader will establish himself as a dictator and a ruler and a despot on the ruins of our free institutions, just as the leaders of revolutions in the past have always done. I tell you that history will repeat itself here in this the greatest republic on earth. Let us meet these issues, let us do our duty, let us be men, let us be patriots. The report of the majority of the committee to this convention is the product of schemers and hirelings of Wall Street, they were on the committee, they are in this convention, they are paid by these 'Uncrowned Kings' of Wall Street to commit these crimes against organized society, against our people and our homes, they are paid to suppress every reform movement, to

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prevent just legislation, to prevent the just administration of the law, they are in both of the great political parties of this country, they are in every convention held in this Union, they are in the legislative halls of every commonwealth of this republic. Let the Democracy of this great state enter its protest against them and their crimes. Let us declare that they cannot rule here. The minority report of the committee to this convention dodges no issue; it declares for principle, it declares against these criminals and their crimes, it declares for law and order in this state, it declares for the protection of the weak and the oppressed. From the very beginning of this republic there have been two great schools of political thought contending for control; they grappled with each other in the foundation of the republic; they have contested and grappled with each other on every issue and at every point from that day until now—Hamiltonianism, which is the rule of the classes, and Jeffersonianism, which is the rule of the masses. Let this convention return to the creed of its great apostle Jef-

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person and declare that it believes in the reign and the rule of the people.”

At this point a telegram was handed to the Chair and was passed from the chairman to Mr. Thomas. He tore it open and halted long enough to read it. It was from the Hon. Thomas Bell, a Republican congressman from Illinois. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Bell had been school boys together back in a country town; one had drifted to New York and the other to Chicago; one was a Republican and the other a Democrat in politics but both honest and patriotic young men. The Republican Convention of Illinois was in session at Chicago and Mr. Bell had led the fight of the reform movement and for an anti-trust platform in the Republican Convention which had just been adopted, and the telegram read as follows:

“CHICAGO, ILL.,— — — — —

“*To the Hon. John Thomas,*

“New York City,

“Care of the Democratic Convention.

“DEAR THOMAS:—The friends of honest government have just succeeded in passing an

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honest platform denouncing the criminal trusts and their owners, in the Republican Convention. We hope you will be able to do likewise in your convention today. The home of Lincoln sends greetings to the home of Seymour and Tilden, and the Republican party of Illinois joins the Democratic party of New York for an honest government in this Union."

As Mr. Thomas read the telegram his face took on new life and vitality, and then he raised the telegram up and waved it to the convention. "Here is a telegram from the Republican Party of Illinois to the Democratic Party of New York, here is the greeting of the home of Lincoln to the home of Seymour and Tilden, for an honest government in this Union," exclaimed he, then with a keen penetrating voice that echoed through the hall, he read the telegram, then stepping to the front of the platform and raising both hands outstretched to the convention, he exclaimed, "The two great political parties of this country may differ on some things, they may differ on some economical issues, but as honest men they cannot differ on the issue of

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plunder perpetrated by criminals and enemies of organized society, and I believe that the Democracy of this great state, the home of Seymour and Tilden, will send its greetings back to the home of Lincoln that we are a unit on the issue that an honest government shall prevail in this Union."

As Mr. Thomas concluded men yelled and whooped, tossed their hats hither and thither through the convention hall; men arose in their seats, waved their handkerchiefs and yelled at the top of their voices; pandemonium reigned; the "ringsters," "tricksters," "Special Agents" and "Advisory Counsels" looked disconcerted; they realized the effect of his speech upon the convention. When the chairman put the motion on the majority report, it was lost, a few ayes going up from the "Advisory Counsels," "Special Agents" and "tricksters" and "ringsters" over the hall of the convention; and when the motion on the minority report was put, the "up-state" Democracy voted as a man and a great portion of the labor union delegates and other members from "Tammany," and the minority report was adopted by an overwhelming

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majority. Mr. Thomas and the reformers in the convention, seeing that they had the “ringsters” and the “tricksters” disconcerted, took charge of the convention and nominated a ticket in keeping with the platform, and then adjourned. The effect of this convention in New York was felt throughout the Union. The reformers in both of the great political parties and the leaders of the people took on new hope and inspiration.

CHAPTER XXII

A CONTINUATION OF THE GOOD WORK

AS the conventions of all the political parties met throughout the Union, it was the same old fight over between the rights of the people and the power of the "Organized Anarchists." The "Organized Anarchists" had their "Special" and "General Agents" and "Advisory Counsels" in all of the conventions. They had their hirelings on all the committees of all the parties. Their hirelings had every means of controlling the people's representatives—free passes and money too. As the conventions of every political faith would gather from time to time in the various states of the Union, the "Special Agents" and "General Agents" would be on hand around the hotels where the people's representatives met, keeping in touch and elbowing with them and using every means foul and fair to shape their opinions. Some

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of these "Special" and "General Agents" would always manage to be delegates to the conventions and they resorted to every scheme and design to throttle an expression of public opinion by any of the political parties. They utilized every advantage and they resorted to every scheme and plan; they were fighting against public opinion, right and justice—the great clash had come, the final issue had been joined between the power of the rights of the people and the power of the wrongs of the "Organized Anarchists." Free government was hanging in the balance. If the "Organized Anarchists" and their wrongs triumphed, free institutions must go; if the power of the rights of the people triumphed, free institutions would take on new life and the inherent strength of the Anglo-Saxon race would go marching on working out greater destinies through the centuries to free the world. The hirelings and henchmen of these "Organized Anarchists" were fighting against the great irresistible force that has made and unmade nations through the centuries, the consciences of men quickened to existing wrongs. They served their masters,

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the Mammon of their day, well, they left nothing undone, they had mortgaged their souls and their all to the will of their masters and to the wrongs that these masters were perpetrating upon a free and great people. But right was moving on—the greatest race of the world in its highest state of civilization was fighting for its freedom. The two great forces which have been grappling with each other through the centuries, right and wrong, were arrayed in final battle for freedom—free institutions were waging their last and final war—right was leading its final battle in the destruction of wrong. Everywhere and in every convention the will of the people was triumphant, just men of all political schools and faiths were united on one issue, that the criminal institutions of the “Organized Anarchists” must be destroyed and the criminals punished. The same faith was re-asserting itself in the Anglo-Saxon race that wrenched the Magna Charta from King John at Runnymede, that snatched Charles the First from the throne and sent his soul marching on into the great unknown, that wrote the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia

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and gave birth to a new republic—faith in right, faith in justice, faith in the right of the people to govern themselves was taking on new life, was taking on new force to work out greater things and greater blessings for the human family. Faith in a doctrine conceived and developed by the Anglo-Saxon race and which has made it a race able to work out the destinies of free institutions through the centuries and the controlling race of the world, was reasserting itself on the forces of organized society.

In every state of the Union these criminal institutions were denounced by every political party of every faith, and their owners and controllers as enemies of organized society, a great race of a great republic was moving as a unit against great wrongs. Money and power would not withstand the irresistible onslaught of truth against indefensible wrongs. The inherent strength of the Anglo-Saxon race was reasserting itself, was taking on new life to blot out existing wrongs and to renew its march to the final battle of triumphant truth. The political parties in declaring against these wrongs and for the re-estab-

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lishment of truth in the body-politic were but declaring the will of the people, declaring what had been forced upon them by the inherent strength of a great race capable of self government. The will of the people in every state of the Union was that these wrongs must go, must be destroyed, that these Organized Anarchists must be punished and these criminal institutions should be destroyed. The will of a great race demanded it—a race that has developed through the centuries the capacity of self government. The will of the people in this American Union is and must be law, the henchman and hirelings of the Organized Anarchists could not prevent its finality, all of the political parties, Civic Leagues, Citizens' Leagues, Independent Leagues, etc., were going on record against these wrongs, the people were aroused to the necessity of the times and as time rolled on the will of the people was not only written in the creeds of all the political parties but on the statute books of every commonwealth of the Union and on the statute books of the Federal Government too. The contest that was to decide whether or not our free institu-

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tions were to live was fought out in the legislative halls of every state in the Union, the henchmen and the hirelings of the Organized Anarchists were there to oppose every measure that meant destruction to these criminal institutions. They had back of them all the power that money could create, power that would have destroyed free government and free institutions among any race other than the Anglo-Saxon—a power greater than that which destroyed the Roman Empire, power greater than that which destroyed the Ionian Confederacy, power greater than that which destroyed the Greek States, power greater than that which destroyed the infant Republic which preceded the Russian Empire—that corrupting power of the almighty dollar which has ruined, wrecked and destroyed free institutions of every race of the earth with the exception of the Anglo-Saxon, but here in this American Union was a race sufficient by inherent strength, education and environment to overcome this deadly foe of free institutions. Public sentiment and the will of the people were greater forces upon the law makers of the land than the “Special Agents”

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and "General Agents" and hirelings and henchmen and money of the Organized Anarchists.

The corridors, the private chambers and the back rooms of every legislative hall in the American Union were packed with these hirelings, henchmen and lobbyists of these "Organized Anarchists" to defeat legislation that meant destruction to the criminal institutions of their masters, but as the legislatures met from time to time in every state of the Union the will of the people was heard from, legislation was enacted that made the operation of these criminal institutions a crime, laws were passed that declared all combinations that affected the laws of competition, supply and demand to be illegal and those who owned and controlled and operated them criminals. Laws were passed that declared the Organized Anarchists criminals and the operation of their institutions a crime—laws that destroyed the criminal institutions of the land and punished the criminals.

As the successive legislatures met in the various states of the American Union—from year to year these statutes were enacted

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until there was not a commonwealth in the American Union where these Organized Anarchists could operate their criminal institutions without operating in violation of the criminal law. Not only had every commonwealth in the Union declared these Organized Anarchists to be criminals but the Federal Government had done likewise, the people's representatives in congress had caught up the inspiration of the times and placed the laws upon the statute books that declared these Organized Anarchists to be criminals and the operation of their institutions a crime against organized society. Each state and the Federal Government had fixed the penalty sufficient to be commensurate with the crime.

The struggle had been long, the contest had been hard, the patience of a suffering people had been outraged but the inherent strength of the Anglo-Saxon race was capable of self government, was able to meet any and every issue of organized society necessary to continue the existence of free institutions, was able to crush out every wrong and to maintain common justice and right in the body-politic. The An-

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glo-Saxon race in its highest type of civilization, as developed in this American Union, once again served notice upon the crowned heads, monarchs and despots of the old world that free institutions should live and that the inherent strength of the Anglo-Saxon race should go on working out its destiny through the coming centuries to free the enslaved millions from the oppression of royalty, nobility and commercial robbery.

The people through their representatives had not only declared the trusts and combines to be criminal institutions and their owners criminals but had also declared the combines of the great transportation companies illegal and operating in violation of law. They had declared that the stock exchanges which created fictitious values and plundered the people to be criminal institutions and their owners and controllers to be criminals. The criminal laws wiped out these criminal institutions and placed the criminal seal upon the men who owned them. The inherent sovereignty of the people declared that the government should control the great transportation companies rather than the transportation com-

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panies control the government, and that these great trunk lines exercising the rights of eminent domain delegated to them by the people should be operated in justice and fairness to the public. Law and order was triumphant everywhere and the seal of the criminal law was stamped upon the Organized Anarchists and their criminal institutions.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE REAL CRIMINALS IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW

THE real test was now on hand, the law makers had enacted the laws declaring the "Organized Anarchists" the real criminals of the land. Would Pont Slogan and his associates be able to defy the laws of the land? That was the question, the all important question—the henchmen and hirelings of Slogan and his associates had used money, influence and every means, foul or fair, to defeat legislation that declared these "Organized Anarchists" criminals, but had failed. Now the laws had been enacted—would the constituted authorities of the people execute them?—would the laws be enforced?—would the will of the people be able to overcome the will of Pont Slogan and his associates?—that was the question. It was the will of eighty millions of people against the will of a few "Organized Anarchists," but the American

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people everywhere were determined, public opinion was raging at its highest water mark, public opinion and public sentiment, which after all is final law, was determined that these organized criminals and their institutions should go, public officials dared not oppose the law of an outraged people, the officers hitherto dreaded the "Organized Anarchists," but now they could be independent because the people were aroused and were determined to destroy the "Organized Anarchists" and their institutions. There could be no dickering between the officers of the law and these "Organized Anarchists," the people would not tolerate it. The law must be enforced was declared everywhere by the people. Grand Juries in every state of the Union were finding true bills against the "Special Agents," "General Agents" and "Advisory Counsels" of the "Organized Anarchists," their "Special Agents," "General Agents" and "Advisory Counsels" had committed bribery either directly or indirectly in every state of the Union fighting legislation that meant the destruction of the "Organized Anarchists," their hirelings and henchmen had

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lobbied in every state in the Union, they had elbowed and tampered with the people's representatives, they had used private cars, free passes and money to defeat the legislation aimed at the "Organized Anarchists." And the Grand Juries, the grand investigators of an outraged people were finding true bills against these men in every state in the Union. They not only tampered with the people's representatives in the various states of the Union but with the people's representatives in Washington and the Federal Grand Juries were also finding true bills.

After the laws were passed the "Organized Anarchists" attempted to do business in violation of the law, they attempted to defy the law, the Grand Juries were indicting these men everywhere. Pont Slogan and his associates were no exception to the rule, they were also indicted; the operators of the stock exchanges were indicted; the controllers and operators of the great corporations throughout the land were indicted. The Courts were busy trying these real criminals of "Organized Society," not only were they being indicted but they were being convicted in every

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state in the Union; every train carried the "Special Agents," "General Agents" and "Advisory Counsels" of these "Organized Anarchists" to the prisons of the various states of the Union and they were wearing the iron clamps of the handcuffs as other prisoners—why not? They were the real criminals. Why should exceptions be made in their cases? The penitentiaries of every state of the Union were occupied by these men who had been the real criminals of Organized Society; they wore stripes like other criminals; they had tampered with the rights of the people; they had tampered with and bartered away the sacred rights of free institutions; they had corrupted the fountain sources of constitutional government; they were the real criminals of Organized Society, the penitentiaries of the land were prepared for such as they.

But while the "Advisory Counsels," "Special Agents" and "General Agents" were paying the penalty in every state in the Union for their crimes the chief criminals were not evading the law. Pont Slogan, the real leader of the "Organized Anarchists," James

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Fukelow of the International Tobacco Co., Thos. Shotts of the International Steel & Iron Trust, Jacob Heinstein of the International Sugar Trust, John Sukelow of the International Oil Co., Wm. Morgan of the American & Continental Cotton Co., John Henson of the American & Continental Corn & Wheat Co., and all others of the real Anarchists, who had met for years in the rear of Pont Slogan & Company's Banking House in Wall Street, to plunder the people, were indicted. One by one they were convicted—one by one they were declared common plunderers and sentenced to hard labor behind iron bars. Pont Slogan was tried in the First Division of the Criminal Court of New York, Judge Snodgrass presiding. He was represented by the best counsel that money could employ, but to no avail. A righteous jury declared him guilty, and when the verdict was read, "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty," the presiding justice repeated in the usual form, "Let the prisoner stand up. What have you to say, sir, why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon you?" Pont Slogan stood erect, with his red

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face, red nose and bull neck, and a stubborn face. "Nothing, sir," said he. It was the expression of a man who had been the chief plunderer of his fellow-men, a man without conscience, a man hardened to crime, a man whose conscience was dead. "You sir," said Justice Snodgrass, have caused more misery and suffering in this country than ten thousand ordinary criminals; you have caused your fellow-men to go hungry and in need of the necessities of life; you have robbed them of food and raiment; you have been at the head of the greatest set of organized plunderers that have ever disgraced a civilization and existed in a civilized age; you have been at the head of a band of 'Organized Anarchists' who regarded neither the laws of God nor man; you and your competitors have defied the rights of your fellow-men and the laws of your country; you have been organized plunderers of Organized Society; you have been the chief of the real Anarchists—of the real criminals of this land. You, sir, and your confederates have plundered the homes of this republic; you have caused homes that were once prosperous and happy to become desert-

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ed; you and your associates have attempted to destroy the greatest civilization and the greatest republic of the world; you and your associates have caused men to commit suicide, to leave their wives and their children helpless upon the world; you and your confederates have filled this republic with trouble and sorrow; you have caused thousands upon thousands to go in hunger and want. Sir, I shall give you the full benefit of the law, twenty years in the State Penitentiary at hard labor." And then the presiding justice turned to the officer and said: "Mr. Officer, this man is a criminal and the sentence of the law has been pronounced upon him; let him be treated as other criminals and properly handcuffed and placed in the county prison and in due process of law turned over to the authorities of the State Penitentiary. He is entitled to no favoritism and let him be treated as a real criminal." As the presiding justice pronounced the judgment old Pont Slogan growled out a grunt and the officer locked the iron clamps of the handcuffs upon him and he was ushered on to the Toombs to be committed to the prison at Sing Sing. The

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next prisoner convicted before Judge Snodgrass was John Sukelow of the International Oil Co. When the sentence of "guilty" was brought into court by the jury Judge Snodgrass told the prisoner to stand up. "What have you to say, sir, why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon you?" John Sukelow was pale, looked weak and feeble; he had worn out his life's blood and vitality and exhausted his energies in collecting and hoarding up the wealth that belonged to other men. "Nothing, your Honor," said he. "You appeal to my sympathy as well as my wrath," said the presiding justice. "You have been one of the chief plunderers of the 'Organized Anarchists'; you have been one of the real Anarchists of this government, yet you have spent some of the money that you have wrenched through your methods from Organized Society in planting hospitals, colleges and universities, but the small amount that you have given away for these charitable purposes cannot correct the wrongs that you have done your fellow-men; you have been one of the greatest plunderers of this age; you have collected in by your organized sys-

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tem of plunder the millions that belonged to Organized Society, yet you have some good traits. The Court also considers your weak and feeble condition and for these reasons will make your sentence lighter. The sentence of the Court is that you are to be confined in the State Penitentiary for ten years." The iron clamps of the handcuffs were also placed upon John Sukelow and he went the way to the Toombs and thence to Sing Sing. The next prisoner which was convicted before Judge Snodgrass was James Fukelow of the International Amalgamated Tobacco Co. The legal process of finding this prisoner guilty was brief. Guilty was in the atmosphere. Honest jurors were outraged by the wrongs that these men had perpetrated upon the people and had no patience with the way they had defied the law. "Stand up, Mr. Fukelow," said the Judge, "the jury have found you guilty. What have you to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon you?" Mr. Fukelow, a strong and robust man with a red, bloated face that clearly illustrated that the man was nearly all animal, said, "Nothing, your Honor, except that

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I request you to be as reasonable with me as possible.” “Sir, I have no patience with you. You were a comparatively young man when you commenced your operations and violations of law and committing your depredations upon the people; you have persistently and continuously defied the law and the rights of Organized Society; you have repudiated the state that gave you birth; you have repudiated your own people; you have destroyed the civilization of your own people and of your own state; you have caused happy and prosperous homes to be deserted in this land; you have been one of the chief perpetrators of the crimes of the real Anarchists of this age; you deserve no sympathy; I shall give you the full penalty of the law, twenty years at hard labor in the state prison.” Then the officer placed the iron clamps of the handcuffs upon Fukelow and he went the due course also to the Toombs and thence to Sing Sing. Day after day and week after week Judge Snodgrass, as fast as honest jurors could find these “Organized Anarchists” guilty, sentenced them to hard labor in the State Penitentiary, until all the men who met

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in the rear of Pont Slogan and Company's Banking House in days past to plunder Organized Society, were wearing the stripes at Sing Sing.

While Judge Snodgrass was sentencing these criminals to serve their terms behind prison bars the Courts of justice in Chicago, the great metropolis of the west, were also grinding out justice. Judge Thos. Buke, who presided over the first division of the Criminal Court of Chicago, was daily sentencing the real criminals and "Organized Anarchists," who had operated from that metropolis, to the State Penitentiary. The chief criminal sentenced by Judge Buke was Henry Oknell, President of the American Meat Co. When the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, the presiding justice told the prisoner to stand up. "What have you to say, sir, why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon you?" inquired the judge. "Not anything, your Honor, except that I ask for the mercy of the Court." "You deserve no mercy, sir; you have been at the head of one of the most outrageous institutions that ever existed in a civilized country. Years ago the

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stock industry of this western country was a prosperous business. There were numbers of prosperous and industrious packing houses that handled the stock raised by our western people and placed the meats upon the market to the American people at prices governed by the laws of supply and demand. Gradually you and your associates began to form combinations. You made terms with the railroads for rebates and private car arrangements, until you have crushed these industrious enterprises and driven them out of business, and then you gradually closed in upon the meat markets of the country until you compelled our western people to sell the entire output of their stock to some three or four of your combines and then you compelled the American people to pay you your price for what they consumed, and then you gradually closed in until these combines were consolidated into one, of which you became the chief operator, and you have thereby held the chief industry of this great western country at your mercy and at the same time levied tribute upon the table of every household in the land. You have lowered the price of the

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stock raised by our western people and you have raised the price of the meat supplied to the consumer throughout this land. You, sir, have collected your graft from the poor, the hungry and the perishing. None have been too low and none too high for you to plunder; none have been too rich and none too poor for you to rob. There is not anything in history that parallels the outrages that you have committed upon the American people. You deserve the contempt of all respectable men. The Courts have issued their injunctions against the operation of your institutions; you have been prohibited from committing these crimes upon the people; you have defied the laws of every state in this American Union; you have bid defiance to the decrees and judgments of the Courts. I neither have patience nor sympathy with characters like you. Justice demands that you be given the full penalty of the law. The sentence of the Court is, therefore, that you be confined to hard labor in the State Penitentiary for twenty years." The iron handcuffs were then placed upon the prisoner and he went

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his way to the county jail and then behind the iron bars of the State Prison.

Judge Snodgrass and Judge Buke were not the only justices who were sentencing the real Anarchists, the real criminals. Other Courts throughout the land were doing likewise, until all the "Organized Anarchists" and real criminals were wearing stripes in the respective penitentiaries of the various states of the Union. The Federal Courts were doing their full duty, too. They were sentencing the real criminals which had violated the Federal laws and bid defiance to the constituted authorities of the Federal Government. All the penitentiaries of the states and of the Federal Government were filled with these real criminals of Organized Society; and the criminal stock exchanges, the criminal combinations and the criminal trusts which had plundered a great people for a generation, were gone; the laws of supply, demand and competition had reasserted themselves in Organized Society and the nation as a nation was reasserting itself. Organized Society was taking on its real and true condition; the laws of supply, demand and com-

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petition fixed the values of the wealth produced by a great and free people; law had reasserted itself; order was once again enforced in the land, and a nation of homes was once again being established, a great republic was taking on new life, the life's blood of a great people was coursing through the natural arteries of Organized Society, and the people were becoming strong and prosperous everywhere.

The Anglo-Saxon race had solved one of the greatest problems of the ages and had destroyed as great evils in Organized Society as the history of the ages ever recorded, without spilling a drop of blood. The "Organized Anarchists" had perpetrated as great crimes upon the American people as the priesthood, nobility and royalty had perpetrated upon the French people. In France the priesthood had robbed the people of one-third of the lands, the nobility of one-fifth of the lands, and royalty of another fifth of the common domain, and what was left was so poor that the privileged classes did not wish it, but compelled the peasants to live upon it and produce a livelihood for the priesthood, the no-

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bles and the royalty, thereby reducing twenty-five millions of Frenchmen to poverty and starvation until the highways of France were covered with dead and decaying bodies of the starved and dead peasants. It took a boiling and foaming revolutionary sea to free France from the plunder and robbery of the priesthood, nobility and royalty. And these privileged classes in France robbed and plundered the masses until an outraged populace fed the priesthood, nobility and royalty to the guillotine machine of death, until their crushed and mangled bodies filled the rivers of France and poisoned the waters until no living creature could exist therein. Not so with the Anglo-Saxon in America; the "Organized Anarchists" had perpetrated as great wrongs upon the masses of the American people as the priesthood, nobility and royalty did in France, yet here the Anglo-Saxon solved the question of self-government and destroyed the wrongs of the organized plunderers without spilling a drop of blood. No guillotine machine of death here to crush and grind the bones of human beings unto death; no "Law of the Suspected" here that sent

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thousands upon thousands daily into eternity; no rivers flowing with human blood and human bodies; no "Reign of White Terror;" no "Reign of Death," but law and order perpetuated, working out the destinies of free institutions without the stain of human blood.

CHAPTER XXIV

GRACE FAITHFUL UNTO THE END

DURING all the years of the conflict between the wrongs of the "Organized Anarchists" and the rights of the people, Grace had toiled on in her conservatory of music and art gallery in Cincinnati. It had been a hard and long struggle, a struggle that taxed her spirit and soul to the utmost tension, yet she grumbled not. She put her great spirit and soul into her efforts to raise and educate her own children and the children of her sisters. She knew that she and her family had been the victims of the wrongs of others, that they had suffered outrages that were nothing less than crimes against Organized Society and the civilization of her age. But she grumbled not for she knew that thousands of helpless women throughout the land were laboring and toiling under the same burdens. She knew her

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home in old Kentucky was not the only home that had become deserted as a result of the wrongs of the "Organized Anarchists," but that the land was full of deserted homes; that happy homes throughout the land had been deserted and that the great cities of the republic were full of helpless men and women struggling and toiling and grappling with poverty as a result of the outrages perpetrated by the "Organized Anarchists" against Organized Society. Through all the days, weeks, months and years she toiled to raise and educate the children, to prepare them to go forth into a new-born and regenerated republic. She knew she had suffered wrongs. She was preparing them to contend for their rights; preparing them to enter into the life of a new-born republic and to perpetuate it to the coming generations.

She had not been unmindful of the conflict that had gone on through the years between the people and the "Organized Anarchists." She had kept in touch with the struggles of the times; she had read in the magazines, in the journals and in the daily press of the struggles of the people to overcome the "Or-

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ganized Anarchists” and to restore the Republic to law and order; she read of the conflict in both of the great political parties in their efforts to free themselves from the grasp of the “Organized Anarchists.” She read of the struggles of the people’s representatives in all of the conventions in all of the states of the Union in their efforts to destroy the organized enemies of the republic. She read of the great struggle and contest throughout the Union between the two great forces of right and wrong; the struggle between the patriots and the men who would destroy free institutions. She watched with absorbing interest these two mighty forces as they struggled and grappled with each other for supremacy and her heart went out for the triumph of right and her soul protested against the powers of wrong. She realized what it meant to the toiling and struggling millions of helpless men, women and children throughout the land. If the powers of wrong, the “Organized Anarchists,” triumphed in the final contest, she knew that free institutions were forever gone and that the millions of helpless men, women and children of the land

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would continue to be industrial slaves, and the vassals of the "sweat shops." But if the powers of right triumphed the enemies of free institutions would be dethroned and the Republic restored to a land of prosperity and happy homes. She watched the great conflict of the Anglo-Saxon race in its final effort to solve the problem of self-government, with unabated interest. She knew it was the contest between right and wrong; the contest that had placed the right of free institutions to exist on final trial. She watched with heartfelt interest every movement of the great battle that was waging its last war against the right of free institutions to exist. Her great throbbing heart rejoiced as she saw the powers of wrong go down one by one beneath the onslaught of the powers of truth; she read with heartfelt interest each triumph of right; her heart rejoiced as she saw the power of the people sweep over each commonwealth of the Union and destroy the "Organized Anarchists." She read with joy the news as state after state enacted laws declaring the acts of these men to be crimes and their perpetrators to be criminals; she read with interest the

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acts of the Federal Government declaring the combinations of the "Organized Anarchists" to be criminal institutions. Her heart rejoiced as she saw the Courts of the land, both Federal and State, enforcing these rights and sentencing these "Organized Anarchists" and their lieutenants one by one to the penitentiaries. She read in the daily newspapers the proceedings of the Courts of all the states of the Union as they went on grinding out justice and sending the real criminals of the land behind the prison bars until all the real criminals and "Organized Anarchists" were wearing stripes and their criminal institutions were destroyed. No more combinations to destroy real values and to make fictitious values; no more gambling shops and gambling stock exchanges and boards of trade to destroy the real values of the products of a great people and to traffic in the life's blood of a great nation. She read the glad tidings in the Inquirer, the Times Star, the Commercial Post and other Cincinnati papers as the chiefs of the "Organized Anarchists" and the real criminals were sentenced one by one in the New York

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Courts; she studied the photograph of Pont Slogan that appeared in the papers the day he was carried to Sing Sing; she studied his red nose, the animal in his character, the brute in his face, then it was clear to her how he had headed an organization of men to plunder the homes of the land. She studied the photographs of each one of the chief Anarchists in the papers as they were carried one by one to Sing Sing and as she studied these characters and the brute force in their faces, their greed for money, it was all clear to her why the people had been plundered and robbed; why free institutions had staggered beneath the onslaught of these criminals. She read the news and studied the facial expression and character of the photographs of the criminals at the head of the meat trust when they were sentenced by the Chicago Courts to serve their term behind the prison bars in the state prisons of Illinois, and as she studied the faces of these men and discerned their real characters and greed for money it was clear to her how they had gone on for years levying tribute on the food of eighty millions of people, while thousands of poor helpless men, women and

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children in the large cities of the land were starving and perishing for food; she could see the criminality in the faces of these men—no heart, no soul, there.

Her great heart rejoiced as she saw the real criminals of the land collected behind iron bars. She had suffered at their hands; she knew that thousands of homes and millions of helpless men, women and children had suffered as the result of the outrages perpetrated by these men upon a free people. She knew of the sufferings, sorrows, hunger and want that they had produced in the land. She knew of the deaths and suicides that they had caused throughout the Republic. She had carried her burdens and sorrows that these criminals had placed upon her, all through the years without grumbling or murmuring; she had been faithful to her burden of duty placed upon her by these criminals without revealing the pangs of her bleeding heart to a living soul; she had worked, she had toiled to raise and care for her own children and the children of others, to be faithful to the burdens that the crimes of these arch criminals had placed upon her.

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Her spirit lived in her work; whatever her brush of art touched it was written there; wherever her notes of music vibrated into the air, it was breathed there. Through all of these years when the Republic was staggering beneath its burden, staggering under the crimes of these criminals, her great spirit was drawing closer and closer to God, and as the crowds of mad men went daily by, rushing and pushing and shoving, hunting and grabbing for dollars, music went out from her soul, vibrating upon the air, that touched their stony hearts and moved their spirits to realize that the mad rush of this life would soon be over, and then, then the great, great beyond. During the early hours of the cold, dreary, bleak winter nights, as she sat in her room thinking of the home of her girlhood, thinking of the loved ones who had gone before, thinking of the days that she had lived in the past, thinking of the old Kentucky home, the home of her father, the home of her childhood, thinking of how it had been snatched from her by the crimes of the criminals of the land, and as she sat there all alone living unto herself, living in communion with her

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soul, and as the homeless, hungry and starving men would go tramping by her window, the notes of "Home, Sweet Home," would vibrate out into the chilly, cold open air until the eyes of these homeless, tramping men would be bathed in tears. Her spirit was speaking to their spirits through God's voice, music—telling them that while things had gone wrong down here, that while they were the victims of the wrongs of others, by and by all wrongs would be made right; that God would correct them all in the end, and that there was a home over yonder where all just spirits would anchor safely in the harbor. She had lifted young Alex Wilson's soul in his buoyant young manhood to realms immortal with the old tune of "Home, Sweet Home," in the days of her young animated womanhood. During the cold, bleak winter nights of later years when she was nearing the end of her journey, she lifted the spirits of poor down-trodden humanity as it went moving by her window, to the same immortal realms, with the same power Divine. Ah, music, how cruel! Divine thou art yet thou

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raisest our souls to heights that we can never attain until we enter within the veil!

She had gone through many trials and tribulations. Her face had lost its flush and beauty of young womanhood. Trouble and worry had written their signs there, and her form was not the plump and vivacious form of her young animated womanhood. Troubles, burdens and years had told their story, had left their marks upon that form that was once Divinely shaped. She was worn, jaded and broken, yet her spirit, the real woman, was the same living, vital being; it was this spirit that gave forth music, music unto the end, music that vibrated out from her window into the open air and moved the hearts of the rushing, pushing crowds as they went scrambling by, to higher and better things than this cold, material and decaying world; her spirit was the same Divine force unto the end. She had been faithful to the burdens that the wrongs of others had placed upon her; she had reared and cared for her children and the children of others near and dear to her, and now they were ready to go forth in life and into a new and regenerated Republic. When

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her eyes opened upon this world they beheld the greatest Republic of the greatest race of the earth working out the destinies of man and God. She lived to see that Republic dethroned, and at the mercy of the greatest organization of commercial pirates and criminals known to the history of the ages, and in her declining years she lived to see that Republic freed from these criminals and restored to its natural condition. And then her eyes closed upon a Nation whose life's blood went beating and throbbing through the natural veins and arteries of the Republic, producing vitality and life everywhere, and then her great spirit went floating out, out into the great spiritual world where just spirits immortal reign.

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